

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

A Journal of Literature, Science, and Art,

AND RECORD OF UNIVERSITY, ECCLESIASTICAL, EDUCATIONAL, SOCIAL, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

No. 129 (2289).—VOL. V. NEW SERIES.] LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1860.

PRICE 4d., Stamped 5d.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Under the management of Miss LOUISA PYNE and Mr. W. HARRISON, Sole Lessees.
The sensation created with the Public on the first representation of Balfe's New Legendary Opera was most enthusiastic. Continuous applause marked its progress from the rise until the fall of the curtain. The demand for places daily at the Box-office to witness this great musical work of our popular English composer places the Management in the proud position of announcing the performance of *BIANCA, THE BRAVO'S BRIDE*, Every Evening until further notice.

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At Christmas a Grand PANTOMIME MORNING PERFORMANCE every Wednesday and Saturday.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.

On Monday the 10th instant, being the Ninety-Second Anniversary of the Foundation of the Royal Academy of Arts, at a General Assembly of the Academicians, the following Silver Medals were awarded:—

To Mr. Thomas Henry Watson, for the best Architectural Drawing.

To Mr. James Turpin Hart, for the best Drawing from the Antique.

To Mr. Charles John T. Smith, for the best Model from the Antique.

To Mr. Thomas Henry Watson, for the best Perspective Drawing.

To Mr. Thomas Henry Watson, for a Specimen of Sclerography.

JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Secy.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.

THE EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION will Open early in January. Pictures intended for Exhibition should be sent to the Gallery, 4, Pall Mall East, on the 27th instant.

THE EXHIBITION of the WORKS of

THOMAS FAED, Esq., is now OPEN at Messrs. Agnew and Sons's Gallery, 4, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, from 10 to 4 daily. Admission, 1s.

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Mater Dolorosa, by Guido; the Betrothal of St. Catherine, by Raphael; Two Saints performing a Miracle to an astonished Multitude, by Peter Lastman; Landscape, with figures, by Moucheron; Landscape and figures, by Van Neck; and the Flight from Egypt, by Bassano, FOR SALE, the property of a private gentleman. The authenticity of these great works can be guaranteed, and, if the whole are taken in one lot, £2,000 will be accepted; or £800 for the Raphael; £600 for the Guido; £200 for Peter Lastman; £100 for Moucheron; £50 for Bassano; £150 for Van Neck.

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At the ANNUAL MEETING on the 10th instant, the following highly satisfactory results were shown:—

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Notwithstanding the large accessions of business made annually through a long series of years, which obviously increase the difficulty of further advances, yet the Fire Premiums of the year 1859 rise above those of the preceding year by a larger sum than has been obtained by the increase of any single year since the formation of the Company excepting the year 1853; disclosing an advance of 60 per cent. in three years. To this circumstance must be attributed the gratifying announcement that the accounts for the year show a profit of £42,488 3s. 4d.

The following figures exhibit the progress of the whole Fire Branch, running over the last ten years:—

	Total Premium received.	Increase of the Year above each preceding one.
1850.....	£44,027 10 0	£9,557 19 8
1851.....	52,673 5 11	8,645 15 11
1852.....	76,925 4 2	24,251 18 3
1853.....	112,564 4 4	35,639 0 2
1854.....	128,459 11 4	15,895 7 0
1855.....	130,060 11 11	1,601 0 7
1856.....	151,738 9 6	21,672 17 7
1857.....	175,049 4 8	23,315 15 2
1858.....	196,148 2 6	21,098 17 10
1859.....	228,814 7 3	32,166 4 9

Placing the Company among the very largest offices in the Kingdom. Indeed, it is believed that there are now only three Offices in existence which equal it in Fire Revenue.

LIFE BUSINESS.

The Directors desire to call the especial attention of the Proprietors to the statements of the Life Branch of the establishment.

The Actuary's Report on this subject is accompanied by an appendix, containing the fullest particulars of the investigation made, and is illustrated by two coloured diagrams, which make plain to the unprofessional eye the mortality experienced by the Royal, as indicated by curved lines, which contrast most favourably with the former averages of mortality, also displayed on the diagrams.

It is expected that these elucidations will attract a deep and profitable attention to the subject of Life Assurance in the minds of tens of thousands who have hitherto given no heed to its principles and advantages; and it is evident that this Company, as well as others, will not fail to reap much of the favourable consequences to be anticipated.

The Bonus apportioned to the Assured, with participation, amounts to £2 per cent. per annum, to be added to the original sum assured of EVERY PARTICIPATING POLICY effected previously to the 1st of January, 1859, for each entire year that it had been in existence since the last appropriation of Bonus thereon, and is one of the largest Bonuses ever declared.

PERCY M. DOVE, Manager and Actuary.

JOHN R. JOHNSTONE, Secretary to London Board.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

THREADNEEDLE STREET, LONDON.

The Profits of this Society will be divided in future Quinquennially; and Policies will participate at each division, after three annual payments of premium have been made.

Policies effected now will participate in four-fifths, or 80 per cent., of the profits, according to the conditions contained in the Society's Prospectus.

The Premiums required by this Society for insuring young lives are lower than in many other old established Offices, and Insurers are fully protected from all risk by an ample guarantee fund in addition to the accumulated funds derived from the investments of Premiums.

Policy Stamps paid by the Office.

Prospectuses may be obtained at the Office in Threadneedle Street, London, or of any of the agents of the Society.

CHARLES HENRY LIDDERDALE, Actuary.

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REPORT PRESENTED AT THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, HELD NOVEMBER 30th, 1860.

The Directors have much satisfaction in presenting a favourable Report of the progress of the Society during the year ending June 30th, 1860.

This year has been distinguished by the fact that a larger amount of New Assurances has been effected than in any corresponding period.

During the twelve months, 572 Policies were issued, for an aggregate sum of £324,575, and yielding £10,179 in New Annual Premiums.

The Gross Income has increased, in the same time, from £179,119 to £185,928; and the Assurance Fund from £1,255,581 to £1,330,621. Thus, after the payment of all claims and expenses, the Accumulated Fund has received an augmentation of £75,040, a sum exceeding, by £10,390, the surplus of the previous year.

By the lamented death of the late Duke of Richmond, the Office of President of the Society, which his Grace had filled during a period of twenty-four years, became vacant. Whilst greatly regretting the severance of a connection of such long standing, the Directors have the gratification of announcing that his Grace the Archbishop of York, previously a Vice-President, and who has been closely connected with the Society for a period of thirty-five years, has honoured the Society by accepting the office of President. The Directors have also the pleasure to state that the Duke of Marlborough has allowed his name to be added to the list of Vice-Presidents of the Institution.

The Directors desire, in conclusion, to observe that all persons who shall have completed Policies on the participating scale before the 30th June, 1861, will share in the Bonus to be declared in January, 1862. This early participation in the profits offers such advantages to new Assurers, that the Directors are unwilling to close their Report without inviting attention to the announcement.

The following are some of the distinctive features of the Society:—

One half of the Annual Premiums on Policies for the whole of life may for the first five years remain on credit, and may either continue as a debt on the Policy, or be paid off at any time.

Policies for TERMS OF YEARS may be effected at Rates peculiarly favourable to ASSURERS.

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THE ACCOUNTS AND BALANCE SHEETS are at all times open to the inspection of the Assured, or of Persons proposing to Assure.

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Forms of Proposal, and further information, can be obtained of any of the Society's Agents, or of

GEORGE CUTCLIFFE, Actuary and Secretary, 13, St. James's Square, London, S.W.

N.B.—A Fee of ONE GUINEA is paid to the MEDICAL ATTENDANTS of all Persons proposing to Assure.

THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

(Established 1834), at the end of each Year prints for general circulation, a Cash Account and Balance Sheet detailing its affairs. The Report and Accounts for the past Year may be had by a written or personal application to the Actuary, or to any of the Society's Agents.

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N.B.—Assurances effected within the present year will have the advantage of one year in every Annual Bonus.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 15, 1860.

REVIEWS.

MR. KINGSLEY ON THE SCIENCE OF HISTORY.*

CONSIDERABLE surprise was at first felt, and perhaps not unnaturally, when the author of "Alton Locke," "Westward Ho!" and "Two Years Ago," was appointed to the important office of professor of modern history in the University of Cambridge. That the foremost apostle of muscular Christianity should be selected to instruct the youthful members of this august society in a subject so wide and so capable of arbitrary interpretation as history, was regarded with grave apprehension by one party, with ridicule by another, and with unmingled satisfaction by a third. Looking at the appointment, however, with entire impartiality, and putting out of sight Mr. Kingsley's peculiarities as a theologian, and his inconsistencies as a social reformer, there is nothing at the first glance to make us doubt his fitness. A good novelist is, or ought to be, a good historian. We must explain that a good historian, in our view, is not necessarily a man of literary erudition nor possessing an intimate acquaintance with minute dates and insignificant or recondite facts. His reading may have been limited to some one region, and that one may not have been very extensive. But if the writer has observation and genius enough for the correct delineation of fictitious characters and for the life-like arrangement of fictitious events, then he is capable of an accurate evolution and interpretation of the complicated motives which actuated the real characters, and which form the explanation of real events. As Mr. Kingsley remarks in his inaugural lecture (p. 4), those who wish to understand history must first try to understand men and women. The historian may be destitute of the constructive element essential to the novelist, and therefore it does not follow that the converse of our proposition will hold good; but we believe that every first-class dramatist or novelist has in himself the requisites for success in historical investigation. Thackeray could not have written "Ivanhoe," but Scott might well have written "The Conquest of England by the Normans."

We believe, then, that the fact of Mr. Kingsley's success in the department of fiction, is very far from proving his incapacity for understanding and for teaching the truths of reality. A much more cogent argument against his fitness for the post is to be found in the inaugural lecture now before us. We commenced its perusal with every disposition to view it favourably, but a very few pages convince the reader either that Mr. Kingsley's conclusions are such as he would rather not reveal, or else that he has not made up his mind as to what they really are. The entire argument lacks clearness; and vague wanderings from point to point, haziness of premise, and inconclusiveness of inference, show that the author, usually so lucid and distinct, is on ground which is either novel or dangerous, or both.

The style reminds us very much of that of Mr. Maurice. It seems as if the author were afraid of letting his sentiments appear in their fulness, even to his own mind; and the reader

may go carefully through Mr. Kingsley's lecture without attaining any very distinct conception as to the writer's position at the end.

The tone of this inaugural discourse is unquestionably negative. Not till we come to the end can we detect any positive argument or injunction. The lecturer rather exhorts his listeners to beware of the evils of what he chooses to call the Necessitarian theory, than inculcates a method for obtaining the corresponding advantages of the contrary doctrine. He takes as his text some remarks by an anonymous writer, expressive of the value of the great principle that all moral and social phenomena are *evolved by law*; and he gives as his discourse what is intended as a complete refutation of such a principle. This conclusion, however worthy of acceptance in itself, is certainly not a little remarkable, coming in as it does. The doctrine with which Mr. Kingsley engages in mortal combat is the well-known creed of the Positivists, that historical events are amenable to laws as stern and inexorable as are the facts of physical science; that social phenomena flow on in logical sequence, and that each set of them is the effect of some set proceeding, and in turn operates as cause to some set following. Mr. Kingsley is too honest a thinker to deny that there is some measure of good in this way of regarding history; for surely, he says, it is good, and a thing to thank God for, that men should be more and more expecting order, searching for order, welcoming order (p. 17). But there is also a root of evil in this positive tendency of modern thought. Carried away by the idea of universal and all-pervading law, relying upon our ability to detect this law with more or less completeness, and imagining that, as the discovery of it progresses, it will advance the progress of human civilisation, and meet all the needs of the human mind, we are in imminent danger of exaggerating the importance and the significance of our new engine, and attribute to the apostle the honours due to divinity alone. In fact, Mr. Kingsley has become involved in the endless debate of freewill and necessity. How can we dare to maintain the existence of an inexorable law ruling human affairs, in the face of the great fact of man's free agency? Like everybody else who approaches this Serbonian bog, the author has come to a dead lock. Progress in its discussion is hopeless so long as the terms, necessity and freewill, are so thoroughly misconceived, and the true meaning of the controversy so entirely misapprehended. The question which relates to the application of an exact scientific method to historical investigation, depends upon the answer we give to another question—Are historical phenomena the inevitable results of preceding phenomena? that is, supposing certain phenomena to present themselves, then their consequences are irresistible, unless some more powerful law is brought into operation by the incidence of certain other phenomena. If we answer this question in the negative, and affirm that social sequences are not dependent upon a law which *must* operate, but are not connected by any link of causation, then of course there can be no science of history. "The limits of exact science as applied to history," is a meaningless expression, for science is only conversant with the discovery of laws; so that in a department where the phenomena are not amenable to laws, they can never become the object-matter of a science. If, on the other hand, we answer the question in the affirmative, and admit that social sequences are connected as cause and effect, then the science of history is possible.

We are at a loss to discern which answer Mr. Kingsley really means to give. Certainly not the latter. For he argues (p. 23), so long as man has the mysterious power of making the laws of his own being, this inevitable sequence in history not only cannot be discovered, but it cannot exist. Again (p. 29), how can we talk of the inevitable, when we have the fact that there are fools in the world, staring us in the face? Nor is human folly a more disturbing force than human genius. "I am not sure but that the one fact that genius is occasionally present in the world, is not enough to prevent our ever discovering any regular sequence in human progress, past or future" (p. 42). Lastly, do not material inventions constantly produce the most unexpected spiritual results? (p. 51). Printing becomes a religious agent; gunpowder becomes a political agent. No, says Mr. Kingsley, let us not call the sequences of human history irresistible or inevitable, but rather, "crooked, wayward, mysterious, incalculable" (p. 53). Just as if the same epithets were not applicable to all infant sciences; as if the phenomena of astronomy and chemistry were not at one time as mysterious and incalculable. The sequence of history is incalculable because human science has not yet found means of discovering their laws. But is this any reason why the leader of an important section of inquirers should ask, "that the hope be given up, at least for the present, of forming any exact science of history?" (p. 53). Our readers must be forcibly struck with Mr. Kingsley's inconsistency in first of all attempting to demonstrate the impossibility of an exact science of history by attempting to demonstrate that historical sequences are not subject to law; next of admitting that such a science may at some more advanced stage of the human understanding be essayed; and finally, with a shortsightedness almost inconceivable in such a man, impotently deprecating any pursuit after that science, "at least for the present." Surely nothing can be more unphilosophical than such a position; but, as Mr. Kingsley himself remarks (p. 11), "men are often, thank Heaven, better than their doctrines," and we are happy to think that some doctrines of the Cambridge professor are confined to the professorial chair. We must do the author the justice to quote the *ipsisima verba* as to the final and practical conclusion on the whole subject. They show us what method Mr. Kingsley considers most calculated to secure a proper interpretation of the past, and most calculated to make history a fruitful and philosophical study:—

"All light which science, political, economic, physiological, or other, can throw upon the past, will be welcomed by us, as coming from the Author of all light. To ignore it, even to receive it suspiciously and grudgingly, we shall feel to be a sin against Him. We shall dread no 'inroads of materialism,' because we shall be standing upon that spiritual ground which underlies—ay, causes—the material. All discoveries of science, whether political or economic, whether laws of health or laws of climate, will be accepted trustfully and cheerfully. And when we meet with such startling speculations as those on the influence of climate, soil, scenery, or national character, which have lately excited so much controversy, we shall welcome them at first sight, just because they give us hope of order where we had seen only disorder, law where we fancied chance: we shall verify them patiently; correct them if they need correction; and if proven, believe that they have worked, and still work, *ex nihilo nihil*, as factors in the great method of Him who has appointed to all nations their times and the bounds of their habitation, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him: though He be not far from any one of them; for in Him we live, and

* *The Limits of Exact Science as applied to History.* An Inaugural Lecture, delivered before the University of Cambridge. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley. (London: Macmillan.)

move, and have our being, and are the offspring of God Himself."

So, then, the sum of the whole matter is, that we are bound to search after, and accept when proven, all laws of universal science, and add to all the metaphysical or theological belief that they are all the instruments of an all-wise Creator and Ruler. Perhaps most people held this view of history before Mr. Kingsley's inaugural lecture.

We confess our utter disappointment, and we have endeavoured to show why we experience it. Though unquestionably sincere in his desire to obtain and promulgate the truth, and nothing but the truth, the author has not given himself time enough to prepare his premises or mature his conclusions.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE REV. DR. ALEXANDER CARLYLE.*

[SECOND NOTICE.]

AFTER a two years' residence at Glasgow, Carlyle returned to Edinburgh preparatory to proceeding to the University of Leyden, it being one of the conditions attached to his Glasgow "bursary" that he should pass his third year under the wing of some foreign *alma mater*. On his way to Edinburgh, he first heard the news of the landing of Prince Charles in the north, where he had been joined by a large number of Highland adherents, who had evaded the troops of Sir John Cope, and were advancing by forced marches on Edinburgh. On reaching the "auld city" he found everything in a state of defensive preparation, although it was already suspected that Provost Stuart and his party were secretly attached to the interests of the Pretender.

Carlyle joined the College Company of Volunteers, who had just been enrolled to the number of 400, under the command of Provost Drummond. In the same ranks were his old friends Robertson, Home, Wilkie, Logan, and others, whom the near approach of the enemy had fired with a sudden military ardour. On the following day they were reinforced by the arrival of Bruce, of Kennet, with upwards of 100 volunteers from his own country, and Sir Robert Dickson with about 130 or 140 from Musselburgh and the parish of Inveresk. Then follows a most graphic description of the state of consternation and panic that prevailed in the town. A report was circulated that half the privates were unwilling to march. A classical and clerical volunteer improved the occasion, and edified his comrades by drawing an improvised parallel between their present melancholy position and the state of Rome "when the *gens Fabii* marched out to prevent the Gauls entering the city, and the whole matrons and virgins of Rome were wringing their hands and loudly lamenting the certain danger to which that generous tribe were going to be exposed." To mend matters, the principal of the college addressed them in a most pathetic speech, exhorting them to desist from the rash enterprise, and not to risk the flower of the youth of Edinburgh and the hope of the next generation, against a mob of Highland barbarians.

But the bolder and more enthusiastic spirits of the company indignantly resented all such imputations on their personal courage. Their military discipline, however, appears to have been scarcely on a par with their enthusiasm. While stationed in the Lawnmarket the awkward movements of these raw recruits occasioned considerable merriment among a party

* Autobiography by the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, Minister of Inveresk: Containing Memorials of the Men and Events of his Time. (Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons, 1860).

of ladies who occupied a row of windows on the south side of the street. "Some of our warm volunteers," continues Carlyle, "observed them, and threatened to fire into the windows if they were not immediately closed, which was immediately complied with."

Nor does this military ardour seem to have abated with the approach of danger. Even while the two regiments of dragoons were in full retreat past the city, a quarrel arose between two new recruits in the rear, who were with difficulty appeased without bloodshed. After the desertion of the "regulars," the volunteers were disbanded, and the city, with the exception of the castle, opened its gates to the Pretender. Carlyle, in company with Robertson, Cleghorn, and a few others, made their way to Dunbar, where Sir John Cope's troops were encamped; but not meeting with the reception he had anticipated, called on Colonel Gardiner, who was then lodging in the town. Our author writes:—

"He received me with kindness, and invited me to dine with him at two o'clock, and to come to him a little before the hour. I went to him at half-past one, and he took me to walk in the garden. He looked pale and dejected, which I attributed to his bad health and the fatigue he had lately undergone. I began to ask him if he was not now quite satisfied with the junction of the foot with the dragoons, and confident that they would give account of the rebels. He answered dejectedly that he hoped it might be so, but—and then made a long pause. I said, that to be sure they had made a very hasty retreat; 'a foul flight,' said he, 'Sandie, and they have not recovered from their panic; and I'll tell you in confidence that I have not above ten men in my regiment whom I am certain will follow me. But we must give them battle now, and God's will be done!'"

Carlyle's description of the battle of Prestonpans differs little from the received accounts. After the flight of the Royalists, our author, in company with his father, made the best of their way from the scene of the disaster; and the former, having probably had sufficient experience of military life, prepared to depart for Holland, in order to commence his studies at Leyden. There were at this time upwards of twenty British students at this seat of learning, among whom were John Wilkes and the celebrated Charles Townshend. With Wilkes, that curious compound of wit, profligacy, and atheism, our author eventually became very intimate. "He was very fond of learning, and passionately desirous of being thought something extraordinary," but was unfortunate in having "an old, ignorant pedant of a Dissenting parson" for a tutor. This individual—Leeson, or Lyson, by name—had originally been a Presbyterian minister; but afterwards becoming a convert to Arianism, used all his influence to prevail upon his pupil to adopt the same creed.

This ultimately produced a quarrel between the two; and Wilkes, to avoid his *quondam* tutor, paid a visit to Utrecht, where he met with "Immateriality Baxter," with whom he subsequently contracted a close intimacy. "Wilkes," writes Carlyle, "was very fond of shining in conversation, very prematurely, for at that time he had but little knowledge, except what he derived from Baxter in his frequent visits to Utrecht."

In the art of shining, however, he was greatly surpassed by Charles Townshend, who, although only a year older, gave thus early a promise of those marvellous oratorical powers for which in after-life he was so famous. "He had more wit and humour [than Wilkes], and a turn for mimicry; and, above all, had the talent of translating other men's thoughts, which they had produced in the simple style

of conversation, which not only took the ear but elevated the thoughts." In this agreeable society Carlyle passed a very pleasant year at Leyden.

On his return to England, which took place in the following spring, he paid a short visit to London, where his cousin, Capt. Lyon of the Guards, who had married the daughter of the Marquis of Carnarvon, introduced him into the best society. Among others, he had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of Smollett, Blair, and Robert Smith—afterwards distinguished by the appellation of the Duke of Roxburgh's Smith—with all of whom he lived on very familiar terms. "We four," he writes, "with one or two others, frequently resorted to a small tavern in the corner of Cockspur Street, at the Golden Ball, where we had a frugal supper and a little punch, as the finances of none of the company were in very good order. But we were rich enough in conversation on literary subjects, which was enlivened by Smollett's agreeable stories, which he told with a peculiar grace."

Carlyle was at a coffee-house with Smollett when the news of the battle of Culloden arrived; all London was in a perfect uproar of joy; the mob was so riotous, and the squibs so numerous and incessant, that the pair, when on their way home, were fain to seek the shelter of a narrow entry to pocket their wigs and draw their swords, Smollett cautioning his friend against speaking for fear his accent should betray his Scotch extraction, adding "for John Bull is as haughty and valiant to-night as he was abject and cowardly on the Black Wednesday when the Highlanders were at Derby." *Appropos* of this sentiment, our author remarks, "Smollett, though a Tory, was not a Jacobite, but he had the feelings of a Scotch gentleman on the reputed cruelties that were said to have been exercised after the battle of Culloden."

Our hero appears to have entered *con amore* into the gaieties of London life. We find him dancing with my Lady Catherine at a ridotto in the Haymarket, indulging in the novelties of champagne and ice-creams with parties of guardsmen at fashionable taverns, and taking his share, apparently with a keen relish, in the convivialities of that hard-drinking generation. Claret was the staple beverage of the period: punch is seldom mentioned, except as the last resource of a "thirsty soul" with limited finances. The taste for whisky had not then developed itself among our northern neighbours, at least we find it very rarely alluded to, and then usually in an apologetic tone—"just to take the taste of the claret out of our mouths." An unlimited capacity in this line appears to have been a *sine qua non* with the clerical dignitaries of the period. Dr. Webster, we are told, acquired the happy cognomen of Dr. *Magnum Bonum*, on account of his singular imbibing powers; but, as our author naively adds, "never being the worse of liquor, and a love of claret to any degree not being in those days a sin in Scotland, all his excesses were pardoned." Of another ecclesiastical luminary, Dr. Patrick Cumming, to wit, it is recorded, apparently with all gravity, that "he had both learning and sagacity, and very agreeable conversation, with a constitution able to bear the conviviality of the times!"

For the credit of the age, however, it should be remarked that the admixture of the convivial element in the clerical character was not universally regarded in the light of an "amiable weakness;" inasmuch as we find that when our author was presented to the living of Inveresk, one of the most formidable objections to his appointment was that "he had danced frequently in a manner prohibited

by the laws of the church: that he wore his hat agree: and had been seen galloping through the Links one morning between one and two o'clock." This "little difficulty" was, however, surmounted, and Carlyle was duly established in his living. Here he renewed his acquaintance with his old friend John Home, who had just completed his tragedy of "Douglas" and was desirous of bringing it out in London, under the auspices of Garrick. The history of the triumphal journey of this much-lauded production from Edinburgh to the English metropolis, is one of the most humorous sketches in the whole "Autobiography." Were we not assured of the sincerity of Carlyle's character and the genuine regard he entertained for the author, we should have difficulty in looking upon the narrative otherwise than as ironical. How some half a score parsons, booted and spurred, "assisted" in conveying across the Border this highest effort of the Caledonian drama; how they burst into a neighbouring manse to procure the inmate's knapsack, as being a more appropriate setting for this literary gem than a mere great-coat pocket; how they caroused over their treasure at the various hosteleries where they broke the monotony of their journey; how they speculated on the blushing honours which were destined to adorn the brow of the "Scottish Shakespeare"; and, finally, how great must have been their astonishment and disgust when Garrick declined to avail himself of the "perfect play." The whole narrative can scarcely be surpassed for quaintness and humour. We only regret that the limits of our space forbid us giving it *in extenso*.

In 1758 Carlyle paid a second visit to London, where he found Robertson busily engaged with the publication of his History. Here the pair were joined by Home, whose tragedy, after having created a perfect *furor* in Edinburgh, had at length achieved the dignity of a representation on the London boards.

Carlyle introduced Robertson to his old friend Smollett, who was then residing at Chelsea, and the quartette passed a very pleasant and joyful evening—there being no lack of claret, we presume—at Forrest's Coffee House, enlivened by the company of two of Smollett's "hack" authors.* The party subsequently formed a little club at an adjacent tavern, where they were joined by Jack Dalrymple, Bob Adam, Ferguson, and Wedderburn, afterwards Lord Chancellor Loughborough. During his stay in London, Carlyle made the acquaintance of Garrick, and gives us a most graphic account of a visit he paid the great actor at his residence. Our space, however, forbids our dwelling on this interesting portion of our author's recollections.

In 1760, Carlyle, now at the mature age of 38, entered on the married state. "This change in his condition he ascribes to the instrumentality of his friend Home, who pointed out the young lady, Mary Roddam by name, "as a proper object of suit"—naïvely adding, "without which I should never have attempted it, on account of the inequality of her age and mine, for she was just then past seventeen." With his marriage a cloud seems to come over his career. His children all died at an early age, a blow from which, despite his tender attachment to his young wife, he never seems to have altogether recovered. Throughout the remaining thirty years of his recollections, which were continued until the pen literally fell from his dying hand, we miss the sparkling vivacity and consummate descriptive powers which so strongly characterise the narrative of his early life. The whole of the history, it is true, was written when he had attained an

advanced age; yet from the point where he comes to record his sad bereavements, he never seems himself again.

We lay down this deeply-interesting volume with a sincere feeling of regret. For marvellous originality and fidelity of description, it is unsurpassed in the language.

THE SANITARY CONDITION OF INDIAN JAILS.*

THE philanthropic motive which induced Dr. Ewart to undertake the labour of producing this work, is not more deserving of praise than the able manner in which he has accomplished his task. His object is to point out, and, if possible, to remove, the causes which produce among prisoners in Indian jails "the most appalling mortuary bills that are to be found among any class of human beings on the face of the civilised world." The author is already favourably known by his valuable work on the vital statistics of our Indian armies; and the volume before us, into which he has systematically compressed all the available medical statistics relating to criminals in India, as well as a large quantity of useful information for the prevention among them of an immense amount of avoidable sickness and mortality, will, we believe, considerably add to his already high reputation. Although the various subjects which the work embraces, are often discussed exclusively with a view to a professional audience, yet the information it contains, especially in the second, fourth, and eighth chapters, will render it acceptable to many general readers, while to the philanthropist who is concerned in the progress of social science, and especially to those who are intrusted with the destinies of our Eastern Empire, it will be found full of interest and importance.

Although Dr. Ewart has given us chiefly a statistical picture of Indian jails, yet it would not be a difficult matter to shadow forth from such materials as he has afforded us a tolerably real description of those dreadful pest-houses. Let the reader dispel from his mind every idea connected with the palatial prisons of the present day, and do his best to realise the descriptions of the pestilential abodes in which Fielding represented Booth, and Goldsmith depicted the good old vicar and his family, more than a hundred years ago. Far worse even than these are the prisons in India. On the outskirts of most Indian towns, reeking with filth, and totally devoid of drains, may be seen a gloomy walled enclosure, ordinarily surrounded by a dirty ditch. No interior buildings are visible from the outside, but on passing through the rickety gateway—around which half a dozen dark, long-bearded natives, dressed in white, with white and red turbans rolled round their brows, may be seen lazily lounging, with tulwars by their sides and long heavily iron-bound sticks in their hands—the visitor will observe several ranges of low huts, some built of bamboo and matting, some perhaps of brick or stone, with red tiled roofs, but all of them squalid and filthy to behold. These ranges of huts form so many yards or lanes, with wells and sheds in the centre of each, the odours proceeding from which at once proclaim the proximity of defective sewage and untrapped drains. This is the jail, and yonder are the prisoners—

black, sullen-looking creatures, with linked fetters dangling from their knees to their ankles, and whose only clothing, as they now appear within the walls, consists of a piece of coarse cotton cloth wrapped around their loins. All prisons do not bear precisely the same appearance, but all are alike in their principal characteristics, of which one is their general insecurity, whence the necessity of loading the criminals with fetters, to prevent their escape. But they do escape sometimes, nevertheless. The inspector-general of prisons in Bengal, in one of his late reports, says, that the Alipore jail is the only secure one out of fifty-four that are under his control, and he instances the fact that "a prisoner in 1857 dug his way out of the Puhna jail with his fingers." But Indian jails most resemble one another in the poisonous nature of the effluvia exhaled from the open drains, sinks, and cesspools in which they abound. For instance, "at Patna, a deep drain, filled with filth, ran through the whole length of the prison, polluting every place in its passage;" and at Ahmedabad "the fumes of ammonia in some of the cells were quite insufferable, and in the centre of the jail was a necessary for 500 prisoners." Dr. Ewart, when in charge of the Ajmere jail, frequently visited the sleeping wards when they were first opened in the morning, and "invariably found the atmosphere issuing from them loaded with odours of the most sickening and unhealthy description." In one of these wards, in which fifty prisoners had been locked up during the night, "the air in the morning was so contaminated with sulphuretted hydrogen, that papers dipped in acetate of lead solution were immediately blackened; and so fearfully charged was the atmosphere of the room with carbonic acid gas, that a pellicle of carbonate of lime soon began to form on the surface of lime-water placed in saucers."

It were needless to multiply such revolting instances, with which the work before us is replete. Provided the room were sufficiently large, the torture of being locked up all night with fifty other people, might be passably endured even in a climate the temperature of which is so oppressive that, with every appliance to cool the heated air, it is scarcely possible to sleep. But the rooms in Indian jails are both small and densely overcrowded. The late Court of Directors "benevolently" sanctioned 500 cubic feet of space for each prisoner; but Dr. Ewart shows us, from the manner in which this humane provision has been carried into effect, that it is far easier to approve than perform a good action. In 1857, in thirty jails in Lower Bengal, 2942 more criminals were incarcerated than the jails could properly accommodate. Most of the Bengal jails contain more than double the number of prisoners that their means of accommodation can admit. In some jails, says Dr. Makinon, 70 feet is the miserable quantity allowed to each prisoner. Such accommodation in a tropical climate is equivalent to torture. In the cold climate of England 500 cubic feet of space for each soldier in barracks have been deemed insufficient; and in Scotch workhouses 800 cubic feet for each pauper have not been considered too much. Taking such facts into consideration, and the difference in climate between the two countries, Dr. Ewart modestly proposes that Indian convicts should be allowed at least as much breathing space as "pauper in Scotch workhouses." Few will think that our author's request is marked by the least extravagance; and we trust, for the sake of the miserable beings in whose favour he pleads, that his request may soon

* *The Sanitary Condition and Discipline of Indian Jails.* By Joseph Ewart, M.D., Bengal Medical Service, author of "The Vital Statistics of the European and Native Armies of India." With Plans. (London: Smith, Elder, and Co.)

be granted. Sick prisoners in hospital, lying on mats upon a mud or stone floor, are equally overcrowded, and breathe an atmosphere even more contaminated than that of the ordinary jail wards. Dr. Ewart casts his eye upon our magnificent metropolitan hospitals, and upon those of Paris and Brussels, and sighs for more space for the Hindoo prisoner struck down by disease. Here we allow from 1000 to 1500 cubic feet of space to each patient—three or five times more than is allowed in India; but Dr. Ewart wishes only for what is absolutely necessary: utility, not grandeur, is the standard by which he measures his demands: and bearing in mind the difference in climate, he thinks 1000 cubic feet of air might, without the least danger of being deemed prodigal, be allowed to each Indian prisoner when suffering from disease.

It can hardly be a matter of surprise that the ratio of mortality among the wretched inmates of these lazaret-houses should be positively appalling. If the annual average mortality in our English convict prisons were to exceed thirty per thousand—it does not amount to more than half that rate—a special inquiry would at once be instituted to ascertain its causes; but in India the authorities are more apathetic, and a death-rate of two, four, or even seven hundred per thousand, will not divert them of their placid indifference. Official returns, published by Dr. Ewart, show that at Bhaugulpore in 1855-56, 402 prisoners died out of every 1000; in 1857, at Mymensingh, 417; and that at Akyab, in 1858, the ratio amounted to 783! At the first-mentioned place, the average ratio of mortality from 1855 to 1858, among every 1,000 prisoners, was 285. Is not that enough to startle the most indifferent? No matter in what light received, the subject is a most ghastly one. During a period of twenty-one years, the average ratio of mortality per 1000 of strength among all the prisoners in Bengal, amounted to 72.5; so that, taking the most favourable view of the question, every fourteen years the criminals in the Bengal jails are entirely annihilated. The ratio of mortality among the Sepoys of the Bengal army during the same twenty-one years averaged 14.4 per mille, thus showing that during that period in Bengal 58.1 prisoners out of every 1000 died in excess of the Sepoy ratio of mortality. This comparison points out approximately the amount of mortality which may be deemed avoidable, for prisoners, if properly treated, would live nearly, if not quite, as long as Sepoys. The same marked contrast is observable between the ratio of mortality prevailing among the people and the prisoners of Bengal, the excess against the prisoners being 41.8 per 1000. Our space will only permit us to glance at the returns before us; it is sufficient to say that, after making every allowance required by difference of circumstances, it is impossible to find in any country any class of people among whom the rate of mortality is at all equal to that which prevails among prisoners in India.

But other causes contribute to keep up this excessive ratio of mortality among Indian prisoners—such as inadequate diet, impure water, defective clothing, and excessive labour and exposure to the climate. A defective dietary tends greatly to produce dysentery; it is therefore a suggestive fact that during a period of twenty-one years, out of every 1000 deaths, 185 more deaths occurred among prisoners from that disease than among Sepoys. Two remarkable instances are given by Dr. Ewart tending to show the great effect which a dietary has either for good or evil. In the first, at Bombay,

during a period of four years, the ratio of mortality in the house of correction was reduced, entirely through an alteration in the prisoners' dietary, by 53.44 per mille; while in the second instance, at Calcutta, in the principal jail there for native prisoners, the ratio of mortality, in consequence of an injudicious alteration in the dietary, was increased during an average of three years by 75.1 per 1000. In order to introduce a more systematic state of affairs, Dr. Ewart has drawn up, for use in Indian jails, a set of dietaries, in which the carboniferous bears to the nitrogenous principle the proportion of three to one, in accordance with which the most successful dietaries in large bodies of men have been composed. At present the carbonised and nitrogenised nutrient in Indian jail dietaries are "in fearfully disarranged proportions"—a fact to which Dr. Ewart partly attributes the great mortality that occurs among the prisoners.

Those wretched beings, lodged and fed as we have described, most of them suffering from general debility, induced by a long-continued course of insufficient nourishment, are led forth every morning at sun-rise to their appointed task; a long string of sinister-looking creatures, in light cotton clothing, their long fetters clanging at every step, as they doggedly move along, eyeing with envy the liberty of every passer-by. Gangs of them, shivering with cold, are often met by the early riser in the neighbourhood of every station in India. For ten hours every day, through every season of the year, they are kept out engaged in levelling roads, cleaning ditches, or other congenial labour, with nothing to appease their hunger but some grains of uncooked rice, and only such water to drink, that the water of the Thames in summer compared with it would be deemed pure. It is sunset before they reach the jail, and are dismissed, perhaps drenched with rain, to cook and eat their sole meal, before being locked up by twenties and fifties together, to sleep in chains, with only a mat between them and the damp floor. Indiscriminately they are herded together, the murderer and the coiner, the petty thief and the hardened burglar, without an attempt at classification: in arrangements necessary for this prisons in India are most defective, while for separate confinement no means whatever exist. To attempt, therefore, to introduce into Indian jails, as they now exist, a penal and reformatory discipline, would be "visionary and impracticable."

Sixty-three thousand human beings are thus on an average annually overcrowded into badly-constructed, badly-ventilated, and badly-situated prisons in India, with insufficient food to eat, impure water to drink, and foul air to breathe—to die off like rotten sheep, so quickly that a sentence of fourteen years imprisonment is equivalent to a sentence of death. To perpetuate this state of affairs the state pays over a quarter of a million sterling annually, for which sum, if such inexpensive reforms were adopted as are recommended by Dr. Ewart, Indian criminals might be confined in wholesome prisons, in which they would stand a reasonable chance of surviving their incarceration, and finally of being returned into society reformed characters. We sincerely trust that the labours of Dr. Ewart will be attended by the beneficial results which he so earnestly desires, for the appalling sickness and mortality that now annually take place in our Indian prisons must be considered as casting a deep disgrace upon our Indian administration—a disgrace which seriously affects our character as a civilised and Christian people.

JOURNAL AND CORRESPONDENCE OF LORD AUCKLAND.*

Books have been divided into three orders: "some are to be tasted—that is, to be read—only in parts; others to be swallowed—i.e., to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be digested—i.e., to be read wholly and with diligence and attention." It would require the "dura ilia messorum" to digest the book before us, so dry and bony and semi-detached is the style of the biographical memoir, and the fragmentary paragraphs, which we presume are designed to connect the epistolary portion of the compilation; to swallow is out of the question in this case, and to taste would be to lose that insight into the motives of the chief actors, the method of subordinates, and the by-play and under-currents which diversify the course of parliamentary conduct and state administration, which is always a source of keen pleasure to those who only look on. But before we proceed to an examination of the two volumes entitled "Journal and Correspondence of Lord Auckland," we must comment upon a subject which concerns both ourselves and our readers. It is the novel practice of certain publishers to submit to certain reviews, to the prejudice of their contemporaries, new works before they are actually published and distributed. One monthly magazine favours its readers with a review of a work which has not yet appeared—Mr. Hepworth Dixon's "Lord Bacon"—and a weekly contemporary has already, in nine long columns, passed its verdict upon the volume now under consideration, which only a late last week was placed in our hands. Such a proceeding, to use the mildest term, is eminently unfair. Our readers might entertain an opinion that we were scarcely treating them with consideration, and with some show of reason; and dispassionate persons might with equal justice be inclined to attribute sinister motives for this exhibition of favour, and regard it with no small degree of suspicion. We owe it, therefore to the character of the "Literary Gazette," and our duty to our subscribers, to lay before them the simple statement of the case, in order that they may draw their own conclusion, while we may suggest for their consolation the fact that, to our mind, they will suffer no injury by the necessary delay, and that it is not of the slightest importance whether the book is reviewed this week or at this time next year. Although "retarded a long time," Mr. Bentley doubtless adopts the motto of the York stage-coach, "Sat cito, si sat bene!" (ii., 376).

Lord Auckland came of a fortunate stock; he was connected with the families of Elliot and Wedderburn; the Earl of Minto was the uncle of his wife, and Lord Loughborough his cousin; and subsequently, up to the present time, reinforced by a more distant relationship with the Russells, the Edens have usually appeared before the public as enjoying pleasant places, and the advantages of acceptable promotion. "A friend in the court is better than a penny in the purse." "Fortune reigns in gifts of the world," and Lord Auckland did not belie the aphorism; with him they were rather hereditary than purchased. The Eden family, then resident at West Auckland, received a baronetcy in the reign of Charles II., and with a strong flourish of trumpets the introduction opens thus:—"William Lord Auckland, LL.D., F.R.S., was the third son of Sir Robert Eden, of West Auckland, on one of whose ancestors the honour of a baronetcy was conferred by King

* Journal and Correspondence of Lord Auckland. (Bentley. 1860).

Charles II., in 1672," and our readers will appreciate the exquisite delicacy of expression by which a man's *grandfather* appears as "one of his ancestors!" The second baronet had five sons. One succeeded him as baronet; the second, governor of Maryland, was created a baronet; the fifth became Lord Henley; and William, the third, was the Lord Auckland of the present memoir; his sister, Catherine, was the wife of Archbishop Moore. He was born in 1745, and made the serviceable acquaintance of Lord Carlisle at Eton; he afterwards was appointed student of Christchurch on the nomination of the Bishop of Durham. In 1767 he was called to the bar, being then a student of the Middle Temple, and went the northern circuit. To the parliamentary influence of his father we may attribute his appointment in 1771 as a director of Greenwich Hospital. He then wrote a pamphlet on "The Principles of the Penal Laws," but law was not to his taste; he loved politics better than the court and chamber; and in 1772 gladly accepted the offer of the office of under secretary of state, although he seems to have regarded with fear the "daily confinement and regular attendance at the office, the affected reserve which a man must adopt on all subjects, whether ignorant or otherwise, and the hourly necessity of giving disagreeable answers both to reasonable and unreasonable requests" (p. xiii). However, he had "no wish to make a fortune," and professed himself "capable of being happy with a very moderate competence." From 1772 to 1793 Mr. Eden represented Woodstock in Parliament, and in 1776 took his surest step towards advancement by his marriage with Miss Eleanor Elliot, sister of the first Earl of Minto. Mr. Hugh Elliot describes a Mrs. Digby as "a true Elliot, a thin, sensible, agreeable woman, with a bad stomach" (p. 364). He was in the same year appointed a lord of trade, a post which he held till 1782, retaining his office of under secretary. He in 1778 introduced a law for the better treatment of prisoners, and in Nov. 1779 published four letters on "The Spirit of Party," "Circumstances of War," &c., which he addressed to Lord Carlisle. He accompanied his friend as a commissioner to America, to treat for the restoration of peace; and, on his return in 1779, took part in the debates upon the conduct of the American war. The state of Ireland was threatening a civil war, and at the request of Lord North, Mr. Eden accompanied Lord Carlisle, as chief secretary, to that country, was elected M.P., sworn a member of the privy council, and aided in establishing the National Bank. In 1782 he resigned his office, but in 1783 became a privy councillor of England, and for a few months acted as vice-treasurer of Ireland.

The correspondence contained in the first volume commences about this period with letters from Lords Loughborough, Shelburne, and Mr. Eden, relating to the ministry of Lord Shelburne, and the prospect of a coalition of Mr. Fox and Lord North, when Hare "congratulated the former on coming from the service of the King of England once more to attend the King of Egypt" (Faro) (p. 15). Mr. Eden paid a visit to Lord Shelburne, in which neither party could exactly fathom the other's intention, and the Minister spoke slightly of Lord Carlisle, which his friend affected not to hear, though Lord Loughborough observed upon it that Lord Shelburne's "art had a strong twang of a boarding-school education. It resembles much more a cunning woman's than an able man's address" (p. 19). Mr. Eden occasionally indulges in vulgar proverbs (p. 33), and, in stronger language,

which we should have thought must have grated on the ears of his right reverend son and editor: "Bunton, with such company and such weather, must be a mere hell upon earth, except only that your devils are dull and harmless" (p. 21); a correspondent, however, uses the term "d—d good-natured friend;" similar unseemly language is given in p. 85, 332; and a disgusting speech of George Selwyn (p. 423) is prominently paraded as a *bon-mot*! The story of the Earl of Bristol, bishop of Derry, getting drunk with his yeomanry (p. 340) might have been omitted. The friends set a high value upon their own worth and the merit of their relatives. Mr. Eden complacently says that Mr. Hugh Elliot's appointment at Copenhagen at £2000 a-year was "certainly better than £550 a-year in England" (p. 37). This gentleman appears to have indulged in a habit of rudeness bordering on insolence, for when Frederick the Great asked him if Hyder Ali, that great warrior, had not beaten the English, he replied, "Hyder Ali was formerly a great warrior; at present he is only an old king who dotes" (p. 313). The taste and prudence are equally displayed by this representative of England, who confesses to a "small proportion of (mental) ballast and a heavy embarrassment of debt" (p. 314). His real to England he attributed to the "effect of his language" on various occasions (p. 330).

Lord Loughborough being disappointed of the woolstack by Lord North, says it "would prove most strongly the advantage of insolence, brutality, and treachery if a hopeful arrangement in other respects should fail, from Lord North's affection to the *beaux yeux* of the chancellor" (Thurlow) p. 50. Lord Sheffield, in a letter to Mr. Eden, gives a lively account of the sorrows of an M.P., when beleaguered by plagues of hungry constituents, and his ill success in serving them lost him his seat at Coventry (p. 72). In Dec. 1785 Mr. Eden, though a political opponent, was appointed by Mr. Pitt envoy extraordinary to negotiate a treaty of commerce with the court of Versailles (p. 86), and the Duke of Portland approved of the appointment, the execution of which required delicacy, caution, and tact. While in France he had the "satisfaction of seeing his Most Christian Majesty (Louis XVI.) *à la chasse*, which he pursues very frequently after dinner," and of admiring the queen (p. 99). A royal progress to Cherbourg, the increase of the French navy, and a doubt of the sincerity of the French ministers, gave serious alarm at home that the commercial treaty would prove a stepping-stone to further French aggrandisement. The journey to Cherbourg resulted in a little uneasiness to Marie Antoinette, "un petit soulèvement de cœur" (p. 133); while the famous "necklace affair" ended in the branding of Madame Lamotte; and Cagliostro departed declaring that he would not return to Paris till the Bastille was a "promenade publique." Mr. Eden, meanwhile, was doleful at the delays in the transmission of new instructions from home, and pestered before his breakfast was finished by "people of Birmingham, Kidderminster, Glasgow, Bordeaux and French merchants" (p. 145); and we could have wished that we had been favoured with some additional extracts from Mr. Eden's MS. "Memoirs of the French Revolution" (pp. 131, 151); for the fragments which we are given are so promising as to render our disappointment the keener. The work would have been an agreeable relief to the wearisome political detail. On September 26, 1786, the treaty was signed, and again, Jan. 15 and Aug. 31,

1787, he concluded a treaty to prevent disputes in the East Indies between the two countries, where the English right of sovereignty was acknowledged for the first time by the French Government. He also contributed to prevent a war, owing to the affairs of the Seven Provinces; and in October and November signed a declaration agreed upon by the courts of London and Versailles; the States of Holland withdrew their demand of assistance, and the navies of England and France were reduced.

A long series of letters from Mr. Pitt and Lord Caermarthen throw considerable light upon the political conduct of the three countries concerned at the period. A letter of Mr. Eden's occurs out of its proper place (p. 208). Those upon the mutual reduction of the armed forces by land and sea are of peculiar interest at this moment (pp. 249, 251, 272). The French fleet in 1787 was composed of twenty-one effective ships of the line, twelve frigates, and 3,100 men (p. 290). Mr. Eden received the appointment of envoy extraordinary to Spain in 1787, where he had a house at Madrid, and servants on their way thither, and various expenses, but comforted himself by "bequeathing his children to the treasury and trusting Mr. George Rose would be so good as to put them into the 'hodge-podge bill'" (p. 265). There are two letters of interest, on the abolition of the slave trade, by Mr. Wilberforce (pp. 305-8); Burke mentions, in 1781, the poet Crabbe "as a young man of Suffolk, who shows a talent for poetry. The piece I send you," he writes, "seems to perform a good deal, and to promise more" (p. 311). Mr. Eden seems to have been a liberal dispenser of wine to his friends (pp. 323, 440, 444). We are given glimpses, in a very miscellaneous correspondence of the Bath ball-room, with "fair Hybernian (*sic*) nymphs, with the most splendid *tailles* shapes that were ever composed of gauze before and cork behind" (p. 363); of a *fracas* between Mr. F. and Jack L. (? Lawless) at Ranelagh; of the Prince of Wales amusing himself by shooting pigeons at Brighthelmston, so close to the window of a young married lady that she proceeded into convulsions (p. 347); of his infamous denial of a marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert (p. 415); of his making the Prince of Orange drunk (p. 369). We become acquainted with the Duke of Gloucester's *liaisons* (i. 463), and those of the Duke of York (ii. 212). The latter worthy, according to the Prince of Wales, was a "fine fellow;" "he never forsakes me. The other day when we went to look for the king's money, jewels, &c., at Kew, as we opened the drawers my mother looked very uneasy, and grew angry. Says York to her, 'Madam, I believe you are as much deranged as the King' (ii. 280). The Duke of Cumberland also appears in his awkward ways tumbling about the studio of Sir Joshua Reynolds; and when urged by the duchess to address the painter, saying, "What, you always begin at the head first, do you?" And again informing Gibbon, "So, I suppose you are at the old trade again—scribble, scribble, scribble" (ii. 281). We have other glimpses of the court, the king and queen examining everything in every room at Blenheim; while poor Lord Harcourt was at length "able to rest himself, and sat down behind every door where he could be concealed from royal eyes" (p. 387); and a sadder scene where the king fancies London is drowned, and orders his yacht to go there; flings Sir George Baker's wig in his face, throws him on his back, and tells him he may star-gaze; or stealing out of his room in search of the queen, and with the exclamation "She is there!" re-

turning satisfied that his wife was still his (ii. p. 244). Then we have some royal jokes, that George Selwyn should have stayed to see a country squire knighted, as it looked so like an execution; and the observation to Lord Heathfield that he had "given the town a red-hot ball," in allusion to a crowded *fête* at the Pantheon (p. 210). We prefer to these poor *mots* the anecdote of Lord North, always pleasant and ready to talk on the subjects of the day, while he had no expectation but of darkness, and when he held up his hand could not see it (i. 418); the anecdote that at Burke's eloquent speech during the trial of Warren Hastings, "Mrs. Siddons was like Niobe, all tears, and Mrs. Sheridan fainted away" (p. 469); or the sight of Fox, at St. Ann's Hill, "surrounded by the arts, lolling in the shade; Mrs. Armistead with him, a harper playing soft music, books of botany lying about, and astronomy, in the shape of Sir Harry Englefield, assisting in the group" (ii. 369). There is a good story of the French ambassador, in a state of embarrassment on reading on his ticket for Richmond Theatre, that "no one was to come without a high head-dress, or with a hoop." The Frenchman waited on Lady Clermont to know whether he was properly equipped for the occasion, and was relieved by the lady's assurance that the direction was not addressed to men, but that the Duke for economy had issued only tickets for women (i. 474). Anacharsis Cloots furnishes a charming Gallicism in a speech which he made before the National Assembly, "Enfin, messieurs, mon cœur est Français, et mon âme est sans culotte" (i. 441). Mrs. Eden loved dearly the little scandal, or a paragraph in the style of the "Morning Post," so that correspondents furnish a considerable stock of anecdotes from high life, about cases for divorce, like that of the Duke of Hamilton (i. 457), marriages and elopements, Lady Augusta Campbell in a domino, Miss Clinton after an offer of a lover-like perjury among a number of hackney-coaches ingeniously disposed to baffle pursuit, and Lady Anna Maria Bowes, not quite in the style of *Amina* in the "Sonnambula," traversing a plank laid across Downing Street to reach her Leander's window (i. 467), and a fourth, which was never carried out, between the Princess Elizabeth and Spang, the mad barber (ii. 211). But we are wandering away from Mr. Eden; he was in "a secret uneasiness about the Spanish climate," but he was "certainly seeking what may give either distinction or the means of an easy existence and the good of his children," and looked forward to "an exile in that horrid Siberia," Spain (i. 445-6). However, in a very lengthy journal, extending to 206 pages of the second volume, about which he gave very contradictory directions to his mother (p. 163), he appears to have fared well, lived in the sunshine of court, enjoyed his venison, been distracted with 45,000 flies, and stung by mosquitoes, but, on the whole, passed a very substantial and complacent existence, without understanding more than a few words of Spanish. The diary does not betray much intellect, and no appreciation of art, scenery, or architecture; even the snow and breezy mountains are regarded as mere accessories or necessities to comfort in a hot climate. The ambassador never found any difficulties such as those which beset his brother peer, Lord Portarlington. His main troubles (if we are really to interpret strictly his words) were attendance at court. He gravely assures his mother that he "saw no reason to believe that a porcupine could dart his quills so as to hurt," (p. 81); and mentions, as a singular fact apparently, that lights burned at midday at the

celebration of mass (p. 198). He wore a coat on state occasions weighing fourteen pounds (p. 88), "as fine as a gold fish" (123); he saw 2,680 kissings of hands on a gala-day, and 10,000 spectators watching a Danish gentleman skating, and Mrs. Eden "sleep like a tree" (p. 193); the latter being far the most remarkable phenomenon. One king of Spain hoarded up about 30,000 pairs of horns of deer—trophies of all the victims of his life-time, which were on his death reduced to hartshorn, (p. 137); his son improved on his practice, and inaugurated the modern battue, "with six field pieces and grape shot," which he opened on two thousand deer driven into an enclosure (p. 179).

There is a story about Archbishop Moore or Archbishop Moore's wife, his chaplain, and others, faking a boating party off Scarborough, and afterwards playing cards at Fife, which we commend to Dean Hook for Mr. Bentley's forthcoming "Archbishops of Canterbury." The memoirs of Lord Auckland terminate abruptly, with a letter from Mr. Storer, to whom we owe the chief charm of the book. Mr. Huber's letters on the French Revolution are full of sterling interest; indeed, bating these, we are compelled to say that the best portions of the entire work are those in which the part of Eden is left out. Lord Auckland was envoy to Holland, became a peer, acted as postmaster-general, and as president of the Board of Trade; serving with equal equanimity under Mr. Pitt, Mr. Addington, or Lord Grenville. He received in consequence some sharp animadversions from Lord Malmesbury and Mr. Rose, to which his editor the bishop declines to reply in his preface, and yet, in a note (ii. 509), mentions that Lord Stanhope on another occasion compared him with greater severity "to Herod, Nero, and Caligula." "To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, is a great part of his title;" his motto "Si sit prudentia" is a homily in itself. But the story is, with the exceptions which we have mentioned, dreary reading. Mr. Bentley, by an admixture of red with black ink, gives a rubrical or mediæval look to his title-page; has it any reference to the following anecdote? "General Powell published once a book with red ink, and on a person's taking notice of this as something singular, and asking the cause of it, Cambridge replied 'he supposed that the Governor was determined that one of his books at least should be red.'" (ii. 237.)

BABRIUS.*

"BABRIUS" has appeared among us as a sort of "mysterious stranger" from classical times. Twenty years ago our knowledge of him was limited to the shreds and patches which Tyrwhitt had laboriously ransacked from the old grammarians, and a few entire fables, which, for the most part, were owing to the researches in the Vatican of Francesco de Furia. The latter writer, by the way, had to re-convert into verse the fables which he found "done into prose." In 1844, M. Menas, a Greek emissary of the French government, lighted, in the convent of St. Laura on Mount Athos, on a MS. of Babrius, written apparently in the tenth century. The monks became suddenly alive to the market value of their unremembered treasure, and asked so exorbitant a price that M. Menas was forced to content himself with a transcript. Numerous editions of Babrius have since then been given to the

world—one of the best being from the pen of Sir George Cornewall Lewis. A hot dispute has raged among the various editors as to the date of their author, and their conjectures have ranged through a space of some five hundred years. Sir George Lewis has argued with considerable plausibility in favour of a comparatively late period—the reign of Alexander Severus: the silence of so many writers who would otherwise have been likely to quote Babrius—good gossiping old Plutarch, for example—being a strong though negative argument on his side of the question. The country of Babrius Sir George decides—rejecting Boissonade's theory that the fabulist was a Roman, named Valerius—to have been Greece.

Of the fables, more than two hundred in number, we have now before us a translation executed by Mr. Davies. It deserves the praise of careful scholarship and close adherence to the original. We regret, however, that we cannot predicate of Mr. Davies, the ease and elegance which he considers to be the striking merits of Babrius. His lines are very rugged and rumbling, though, when they seem rather rapid and flat, it is fair to recollect what Cowper noticed and mentioned while translating Vincent Bourne—that what is very terse and epigrammatic in Latin is often singularly pointless and prosy in English.

A great many people, we dare say, will be obliged to Mr. Davies for his labours in setting the old fabulist before them. Babrius, however, will never be read much except as a curiosity. Most of his good fables are already tolerably familiar to us. Still, in his pages the fox consoles himself by supposing the sourness of the coveted cluster; still the fisherman is deaf to the entreaties of the fish which asked to have time to grow; still the earthen pot floating down the stream objects to the contiguity of the brazen one; and still the cat transformed into a woman, and become a bride, develops her pristine instincts at the sight of a mouse. Sneers at the gods, their temples, sacrifices, and oracles, continually recur, in a manner which reminds us—if we adopt the supposition of Sir George Lewis, and remember that Alexander Severus was at least not unfavourable to Christianity—that we are reading of the last days of Paganism. The simile, by the way, of the eagle slain by a shaft feathered from his own wing, appears as a distinct fable in Babrius, who thus anticipated the obligations of Waller and Byron to Æschylus. The following we extract, not merely as a sample of Babrius and Mr. Davies, but also as a curious piece of national and vituperative prejudice:—

"MERCURY'S WAGON AND THE ARAB." (P. 2, 141.)

"Hermes had laden once a cart with lies
And much deceit, and divers villanies.
This he essay'd to drive from race to race,
Passing near every nation's dwelling-place,
And giving each a share. He came at last
To the Arabian land. As this he passed,
Down brake his wagon suddenly, 'tis said,
And stuck. The Arabs, eager for a raid,
And hoping here a merchant's precious load,
Rifted the wain, nor sent it on its road
To other tribes beyond them. Hence I find
That false and knavish is each Arab's mind.
And, as experience proves, to Arab tongue
No particle of truth hath ever hung."

THE COUNTY FAMILIES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.*

Stemmata quid faciunt? asked the Roman satirist, and the question is displayed often enough at Sir Samuel Meyrick's modern castle. No sooner does a man retire from trade than he applies at the Herald's College, and asks for a coat of arms and a pedigree; the Man-

* *The Fables of Babrius; in Two Parts. Translated into English Verse, from the text of Sir G. C. Lewis. By the Rev. James Davies, M.A., sometime Scholar of Lincoln College, Oxford. (London: Lockwood and Co.)*

* *The County Families of the United Kingdom. By E. Walford, M.A. (London: R. Hardwicke. 1860.)*

chester merchant looks forward to be the happy possessor of a country house; and we have seen a huge quarto recently published at a considerable expense, proving the lineage of an ardent *novus homo*, as Cicero dubbed himself, from a very humble stock. Not one of these could equal the antiquity or the honest pride of the humble Purkisses of the New Forest, who have tilled their narrow acres since their ancestor, the famous charcoal burner, conveyed in his cart the dead body of Rufus to the aisles of Winchester.

There is an old dialogue called "The Knight who had no Horse," which amusingly illustrates the *emendita nobilitas*. It runs somewhat thus:—

"Harpalus.—'It is not in our power to be born noble.'

"Nestorius.—'Caesar will sell you a patent for a small sum.'

"Harp.—'Ah! but people laugh at a title that is bought.'

"Nest.—'Quite so. Why are you so anxious, then, about the name of knight?'

"Harp.—'Oh! I have my reasons. But do tell me how I may contrive to be thought noble.'

"Nest.—'Well, keep fine society; wear good clothes; talk grandly; ask after your relation the earl, if you have the opportunity, or some other grand connections. Wear a signet-ring; have a shield with armorial bearings.'

"Harp.—'Of what sort?'

"Nest.—'Two milk pails and a pot of beer.'

"Harp.—'You are joking; do be serious.'

"Nest.—'Well, three ganders' heads argent on a field.'

"Harp.—'What colour?'

"Nest.—'Gales.'

"Harp.—'What crest do you advise?'

"Nest.—'Oh, a dog with his ears down.'

"Harp.—'But that is so common.'

"Nest.—'Add two horns. That is rare enough. Have you any manor?'

"Harp.—'Not a sty.'

"Nest.—'Were you born in a fine town?'

"Harp.—'No; in an out-of-the-way place.'

"Nest.—'Has it a hill?'

"Harp.—'Yes.'

"Nest.—'Call yourself, then, De Como, not Comensis, or Sir Harpalus Goldhill.'

"Harp.—'What motto shall I take?'

"Nest.—'Omnis jacta sit alea.'

This recipe, three hundred years old, is not yet out of fashion. In the volume before us we have a singular collection, a strange commingling of the noble and successful—the fortunate attorney, the toilsome clerk and the humble incumbent, the titled noble and the thriving tradesman, the man whose fathers have inhabited the same spot for centuries, and the occupant of the suburban villa and the modest town lodging, or a mere member of a London club. One gentleman resides at Wartensee Castle, Switzerland. It forms a compendium of the "Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage," and "County Families of the United Kingdom;" and we can only express our amazement at the effrontery of several who have answered the circular addressed to them, and put forward pretensions for their intrusion in these pages which no sensible man will allow.

"As for nobility in particular persons," said Lord Bacon, "it is a reverend thing to see an ancient castle or building not in decay, or to see a fair timber-tree sound and perfect; how much more to behold an ancient noble family, which hath stood against the waves and weathers of time! For new nobility is but the act of power, but ancient nobility is the act of time." To ape and mimic such just demands upon our respect, has drawn upon offenders the lash of the satirist and the contempt of the wise. Few who have read the life of Sydney Smith will have forgotten his drollery about

his adoption of a coat of arms. We could wish to see the visitations of the heralds revived, and a brush full of black paint drawn across the arms of all pretenders, and their amateur pedigrees exposed to a righteous derision. We have the old fable of the frog and the ox, or the "*nascitur ridiculus mus*," over and over again in these amusing pages, while we allow all due honour to those who, unpropped by ancestry, have raised themselves to distinction by force of their own merit, and undoubtedly prefer them to the German potentate who had as many titles as subjects, and to the Spanish grandee who had more names than shirts.

Mr. Edward Walford is "the very card or calendar of gentry;" an accomplished genealogist and laborious compiler, he has attained a high position in his department of study. Upon few of the tables of the "upper ten thousand," will be found wanting his convenient and accurate Shilling Handbooks, for the peerage, baronetage, knightage, and members of the House of Commons. In the present volume he has combined much of the information spread over those modest little books; and, if we are not much mistaken, it will add much to his reputation, as its contents embrace many additional particulars, which will recommend it to a large class of purchasers.

But certain conditions should be laid down by him previous to admission of names into his columns—nobility "the graceful ornament to civil order, the Corinthian capital of polished society;" *omnes boni nobilitati semper favemus*; or long residence of a commoner in the particular county, accredited through pedigree, or the position which approaches the nobility in point of wealth, and "is admitted to the rank and estimation which wealth, in reason and good policy, ought to bestow in every country, though not equally with the other nobility." Such are the only classes of "titled or untitled aristocracy," which need not be punctiliously kept asunder. We do not want only the unendowed pedigree and naked title; we acknowledge the right of the new moneyed as well as that of the ancient landed interest—it is a question of fortune by descent or acquisition. In time these new comers will have to recount their illustrious ancestors, their ensigns armorial, their gallery of portraits, their monumental inscriptions, and their records; but let them wait. We do not like parade or ostentation in the founder of the new family, much less do we recognise the pretension of persons to whose name is attached the simple appendage of a London place of residence, to be included among county families. However, that portion of the contents which constitutes, in our opinion, the fault of the book, will doubtless create for it a factitious interest in the less scrupulous or discriminating persons who regard simply the petty satisfaction of seeing their names in print. Mr. Walford candidly confesses that "such a book must always remain in one sense imperfect in a country like our own, where, mainly owing to the influence of trade and commerce, individuals and families are constantly crossing and recrossing the narrow line which severs the aristocracy from the commonalty."

It must not be thought that Mr. Walford's pages are deficient in sterling interest, for they embrace names of undoubted merit and historic association. We find in this most convenient handbook, the living representatives of those who have earned rank for themselves and for their descendants. We have records of military or naval services in the titles of Wellington, Marlborough, Howden, Amherst, Anglesey, Cadogan, Charlemont, Cathcart, Dartmouth, Dor-

chester, Gardner, Gough, Hardinge, Harris, Hill, Huntly, Keane, Powis, Raglan, Seaton, Stamford, Stanhope, Stafford, Virlian, Nelson, St. Vincent, Camperdown, De Saumarez, Hood, Exmouth, Hawke, Mulgrave, and Sandwich. Official services are represented by Clifford, Albemarle, Dunfermline, Sidmouth, Congleton, Glenelg, Holland, Lauderdale, Montague, Onslow, Orford, Melville, Ripon, Salisbury, Shannon, and Sydney. Success in commerce and trade is represented in Fitzwilliam, Leigh, Petre, Darnley, Carrington, Overstone, Leeds, Craven, Greville, Radnor, Ducie, Pomfret, Tankerville, Dormer, Coventry, Romney, Dudley, Dacres, and Ashburton. Political services have elevated Lowther and Massarene; diplomatic services, Berwick, Cowley, Durham, Malmesbury, Granville, Harrington, Heytesbury, Rivers, and Stratford de Redcliffe. The fortunate lawyers have contributed Tenterden, Thurlow, Eldon, Plunket, Redesdale, Rosslyn, Walsingham, Campbell, Stratheden, St. Leonard's, Lyndhurst, Truro, Ellenborough, North, Hardwicke, Cottenham, Cowper, Kenyon, Lovelace, Manchester, and Mannes. The "Romance of the Peerage" is written in titles such as these. The mercer, the skinner and the silk merchant, the merchant tailor, the draper, the woolstapler, the cloth worker, the Calais or Cheapside merchant, the banker, the jeweller, the goldsmith, and the apothecary (Smithson), like the gallant admiral, the general, and the gentlemen of the long robe or of red tape, have, when enterprising and energetic, founded noble families. It is related, we believe on unexceptionable authority, that the head of a well-known family of North Wales has successively for three generations refused the coronet, preferring to be an old commoner rather than be a young lord.

It would be a melancholy task to note the evidences of the extinction of old county names which strike us in turning over Mr. Walford's pages, and we are pleased to think some still survive, such as Carew, Fulford, Chamberdowne, Wilder, Ashburnham, Berington, Beadon, Chamberlayne, Collins, Dodsworth, Edgcombe, Frere, Middleton, Napier, &c., many of whom have been enabled to maintain possession of their ancient patrimonies to the present day, and notices of the fact, in our judgment, form not the least attractive portions of the volume.

Those only who have made the attempt can appreciate the difficulty of compiling and condensing these miniature memoirs, which constitute an almost original work. We have tested its accuracy liberally, and have detected few errors or omissions of any great importance in this biographical key to many thousand names. Mr. Walford has devoted an enormous amount of labour and research to the volume, which contains a vast amount of useful information not to be found elsewhere, and is destined to take a high place as a work of reference. It is pleasant to turn to its pages, with almost the certainty of discovering who are the objects of ordinary or local conversation. With the constant accession of fresh information, and the contributions furnished by all persons concerned, every successive edition will be more and more valuable, or rather indispensable, on the library table. His work is one that is unending, and we trust that every assistance may be rendered him in its prosecution. We need only add that the work is admirably printed, and arranged alphabetically. As we close the book we cannot help thinking that, after all, not birth, not wealth, not title, recommend their possessor, but an influence which gives the life its whole

form and colour, and exalts or debases, refines or corrupts, all with whom it comes in contact. In the words of the time-honoured motto of William of Wykeham, "Manners makyth man."

POETRY.

The Mountain Prophet, The Mine, and Other Poems. By John Harris. (A. Heylin, Paternoster Row.) We do not hesitate to call John Harris, Cornish miner—the author of the volume before us—one of the truest poets of our time. The dreary moorlands of Cornwall appear to have been to him, as those of Yorkshire were to Charlotte Brontë, almost the sole educators of his genius. We mean that his vigour and refinement, his correct ear and consequent unflinching harmony, are due to no early training instilled by man. What he has, he has seized for himself—very much from nature, and in later life somewhat from literature—for he evidently has his favourite models; and the result, as far as diction is concerned, is a resonance of Wordsworth and Tennyson. In idea and sentiment he is peculiar, sometimes even to quaintness. Some of his best passages are to be found in the first piece, entitled "The Mountain Prophet." Here are lines of which Wordsworth would not have been ashamed, and which have a peculiar value as coming from one who has been accustomed to toil in the darkness of the mine all the week, and knows the full blessing of the Sunday:—

"Jesus, I thank Thee for the Sabbath-day!
When grapes are given me from the tree of life,
And angels, climbing hill-sides purple-hued,
Gleam on my vision, lifting me with song.
Ye shining rushes, drinking at the rills;
Ye rills, that murmur music as ye flow;
Ye mosses, blinking at the waterfalls;
Ye waterfalls, that crash with endless praise;
Earth, sky, and ocean, every living thing—
Man, beast, and reptile—fish and floating fly—
Join with a worm to laud your Maker's name,
And praise Him for the healing Sabbath-day."

Again, is there not something Tennysonian in the following:—

"Night waned away in silence; then the morn
Broke like a mystery o'er the ancient hills,
And filled the vales with music."

And again in this—

"And, like the moon behind a summer hill,
Her spirit passed into the land of stars."

Of an old mule-driver who has lost his occupation through the introduction of railways, and has been compelled to turn his drove out on to the moor, where they gradually die from starvation and cold, he says—

"He could not weep, for all his tears were gone;
And in his ready lodge a heavy sigh
Let out his ghost into the land unseen."

We would willingly quote more, but our space forbids. There is, perhaps, a lack of varied *matériel* in the stores of the author's mind, and now and then an extra-homeliness of wording; but at any rate he exhibits three important qualities of a true poet—pathos, power of expression, and simplicity.

Time, the Avenger; and other Poems. By W. R. Neale. (London: W. Kent and Co., Paternoster Row.) It is, we think, Charles Lamb who, in one of his delicious essays, divides all writing into three classes, of "Prose, Verse, and—Worse." For our day, however, we think a juster, if not so witty, a division might be made into Prose, Poetry, and Verse. To our mind, the last of these classes bears somewhat the same relation to the first as the so-called "temperance champagne" and South African wines of the present generation do to the bright Moselles and golden sherries which still alone find favour with all true judges of the generous grape. Such preparations, whether of verse or wine, may be, at their best, harmless and soothing; but we feel sure they can never be strengthening. If, to continue the metaphor, as is sometimes the case, such wares are labelled "South African" (by the substitution of the word verse for the accustomed "poetry" of the title-page), then, in the fair recognition of modesty, whilst judging truthfully, we may also speak tenderly; when, however, this precaution has not been adopted by the importer, *in vino veritas* (to misquote an old saying) must be our only motto. In illustration of the foregoing remarks, Mr. Neale's

volume, now before us, is strictly a collection of verse. Daintily clothed in the "purple and fine linen" of Messrs. Kent's best style, with his full blown dedications to the lord-lieutenant of his county (one in verse and another in prose), and supported, as it were, by a large and influential deputation of subscribers, the author would doubtless be much affronted if placed for a few minutes at the bar with the many poor and unpretending petitioners in rhyme, who still, we regret to say, continue to crowd our weekly courts. Mr. Neale, as his works inform us, is evidently what is now called "a poet of the people," or, to speak more truthfully, a poet from the people; and this fact, in passing, we consider to be no apology for any misdeemeanour which we may hereafter lay to his charge, but if anything rather an oblique argument against the aforesaid lord-lieutenant, noblemen, and gentry. They have thought fit to add one more to the many who, quitting the loom for the lyre, and plough-lands for Parnassus, have seldom found in the end that great reward which ignorant patrons too often hold out as the certain prize of their poetic protégés.

But to apply our *argumentum ad hominem*, Mr. Neale, whilst lacking, as he deprecatingly observes, the "point and polish of the schools," in his own "rude uncultivated verse," as he subsequently very falsely calls it, has none of that fresh, dewy, and, we may add, wild-flower grace, which characterises the sweet writing of his fellow-labourer and friend, the "poet postman of Bideford" on the contrary, an almost dainty trimness, and the most exquisite measurement of rhyme and reason, is everywhere apparent. If "Time, the Avenger," has but recently left the plough, he has certainly, before entering the elegant boudoir of our author's imagination, most scrupulously brushed his shoes, and removed any little superfluities which might smack too strongly of the soil for delicate minds to relish. "Time, the Avenger," like the late Mr. Montgomery's long-winded "Satan," is simply the instrument by which our author, in a vague way and with a reckless expenditure of capitals, is enabled to talk "de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis." Had Mr. Neale anything new to say about things in general, or himself in particular, the manner might to some extent be forgotten in the matter; but as it stands now, a long procession of very respectable platitudes (which might please the fancy of a Tupper), in extremely good time, are made to march through the first thirty-seven pages of the book. Of some of these platitudes we can hardly vouch for their respectability, inasmuch as on the necks of many we recognised too often some of—

"Those jewels five-words long,
Which on the outstretched finger of old Time
Sparkle for ever."

How they came into the possession of our author we need not inquire; and it is charitable to suppose that, having been "lent for the occasion" on his first appearance, will before a second edition (if such ever arrive) be returned to their rightful owners. Yet we cannot deny Mr. Neale at least a most musical ear, and generally correct taste. Such lines as we subjoin, did they not too obviously suggest to our minds several well-known Scottish airs, are worthy of considerable praise. They are the opening of "Montrose's Gathering, 1644."

"There's a sound that is rousing the clans of the north,
From Tweed to the Pentlands, from Clyde to the Forth;
Through lowlands and highlands the tidings are known,
That traitors have threatened the altar and throne;
That the leal and true-hearted together shall come,
At scream of the pibroch and roll of the drum,
And Scotland's young chivalry wake from repose
To set up the standard and follow Montrose."

And so on through several stanzas, which if not strikingly original, are certainly strong and stirring. Before bidding farewell to Mr. Neale, whom we leave with sentiments of pity rather than harshness, we would draw a passing attention to the needlessly strong denunciation of existing institutions which here and there crops up rather unseemingly from the pages of our patronised minstrel. We think a little attentive reading of the "Times" and some settled employment unconnected with the muses, would soon remedy this defect in our author's ideas, and we humbly suggest such training for the future. To return, in conclusion, to our original proposition. Had this volume been less ambitious in form, and

unaccompanied by that "strong body of supporters" to which we before alluded, we might have styled it at least a highly respectable volume of verse; but with all due reverence to "humble efforts" and "first attempts," we cannot refrain from reminding our author that there is no more dangerous disease than that of "making tolerable verse."

Poems. By M. S. (Hall, Virtue, and Co.) "Many of these poems," says the authoress in her preface, "have appeared, during the last ten years, in various magazines, newspapers, &c." Having read the volume patiently we can only say that we humbly wonder at the statement, and suppose that the greater portion of them must have appeared in that mysterious "&c." with which she concludes her sentence. We can assure the writer that, with criticism in a measure disarmed by this information, and with the honour of the English press at heart, we began the first poem in the most friendly spirit, not only hoping, but fully determined, to find good of some sort in it; but, possibly through some mental obliquity, we failed in our endeavour. Nothing discouraged, we read on, but the result was still the same—high morality preached in the very mildest form of poetry, if poetry it can be called. That a syllable is frequently dispensed with and the metre thus marred, that "beautiful" is made to rhyme with "possible," "more" with "sure" and "poor," and "still" with "distil," are perhaps pardonable faults; but we have a faint preference in favour of sense, which makes us continually halt and ponder, as for instance, when we come to such a verse as the following:—

"And thy memories grim and fearful,
Brave, too, for here Cromwell trod;
Dear for aye both brave and fearful,
Cause of both, alike from God."

We wonder whether the poem of which this is the conclusion was one of those which appeared in the poet's corner of the "Lancashire Star;" and if so, why the editor departed in its favour from his usual salutary custom of selecting from the works of recognised poets the lines intended for that honour. We cannot discern that even a judicious system of punctuation would make it intelligible, as is the case with many other verses in the book. In these latter a little re-arrangement of commas and full stops will set the matter right, for the authoress appears to hold the theory of a balance of stops. There seems to be so many stops to a poem of a certain length; and if a colon has been balked of its proper place at the end of one line it asserts its dignity by appearing promiscuously in the middle of the next. The lessons which M. S. wishes to inculcate are good and true enough, but they only contain half the truth, and that half the least blessed for man. The burden of all her poems is "Work." "It is the cure of every ill, of it come joy and light;" and yet she will be readily acquitted of belonging to an extreme Church-faction when we mention that her favourite heroes are Cromwell and John Bright. Seventeen stanzas are especially devoted to the praise of the former. One of these, in which the authoress hints that, of course, he had his faults, evidences, by the remarkable dissimilarity of the language used to set forth the same analogy, the difference between a true poet and a mere well-intentioned verse-writer. We must apologise to Mr. Tennyson for making the comparison, but we do so because we conceive that rarely, if ever, has one idea been clothed in two such very different garments. One has—

"And on the sun's clear dazzling cope,
By aid of glass dark spots are found,"

the other—

"The very source and fount of day
Is dashed with wandering isles of night."

Goa and Man. By Thomas Boys. (Longman and Co.) This appears to be the work of a well-educated gentleman, of more ambition than music, of more daring than power. Mr. Boys attempts the whole of the universal theme, of which Milton selected a part. That he should prove unequal to the task might well be expected. He seems, like Burns, to have taken up his pen to indite what might perhaps "turn out a song, perhaps a sermon." His effort, unlike that of the Scotch poet, has resulted in the latter. The greater

portion of his poems are indeed merely lineal sermons. We do not say metrical, for we cannot understand upon what principle of metre he proceeds. His verses are neither regular nor rhythmic; six lines of heroic blank verse are perhaps succeeded by four which are bound by no fetters of measure. The effect is simply torture. We know many pulpits in which we can hear similar truths propounded in equally measured language and with the same absence of felicity of exposition. But the divine's discourse has this advantage—that it does not profess to be a poem. To a mind in search of knowledge, to an ear in quest of harmony and rhythmic fall, such lines as the following are not profitable:—

"To the animal Creation, bodies
Have been given, endued with nature's instincts;
But to none, save man, an immortal soul."

The only theory we can suggest in explanation of this peculiar mode of dividing very prosaic sentences, is that the whole work was written for purposes of intoning. It is perhaps somewhat to our author's praise that he exhibits what the civil service commissioners would call "a very creditable knowledge" of the Bible, as well as of the Church of England service, both of which he quotes and paraphrases extensively, and that there is not one word of positive nonsense throughout the volume.

Will Barton of the Mill, and other Poems. By George Mercer. (Saunders, Otley and Co.) It is enough for us to learn from the preface that the composition of these poems has been the solace of a poor man during a long illness. Having read the book, we must decline saying much more on the subject. The faint praise which we could afford might give unintended discouragement to a harmless amusement. We notice one serious fault, viz., a certain Kingslean haziness of notion as regards the rights of man in his feathered property. We notice also one great merit, which happily is not an uncommon one, viz., a genuine home-love, which is continually cropping out at unexpected places.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Dalrymples: or, Long Credit and Long Cloth. (Saunders, Otley, & Co.) There is no special power displayed in this story; there is much in it that might be justly open to critical objection. The description of Mrs. Stapleton and of Lady Dalrymple is feeble and over-stained. The portraits bear perhaps a faint resemblance to a certain class of fine ladies, but they are vulgar likenesses, if not caricatures. Improbabilities too, stare us in the face in the author's account of her more humble personages. Two young girls, dressmakers, undertake their own support and that of their aged father. They are represented as working for fashionable ladies all day long, and sometimes all night, without being paid for their labour, until their goods are seized for debt, and this at the very time that several hundred pounds are due to them. Other statements appear so extravagant that we find it difficult to believe that they are founded upon fact; if they be, the author would have done well to testify to their truthfulness. In doing so, she would have followed the example of some living novelists, who are in the habit of inserting the simple but significant word "fact" in a foot note, whenever their readers' credulity is likely to be taxed too severely. But if "*The Dalrymples*" does not merit any high praise as a work of fiction, we may thank its author for calling attention to a topic which in this age of social investigations and benevolent enterprises can scarcely be said to have received its full share of public regard. A few years ago it was asserted, and we believe with truth, that the evils attendant on the employment of young women in the dressmaking and millinery business, have no parallel in the history of industrial occupations. Thanks to some noble institutions which have been founded of late years, such as the Association for the Aid and Benefit of Milliners and Dressmakers, in Bond Street, and the Home for Day Workers, in Great Ormond Street, the condition of this over-tasked portion of the community has become more widely known, and is in some respects ameliorated; but in the most recent report of the association to which

we have just alluded, we find it stated that in many houses fifteen, sixteen, and even eighteen hours labour are still exacted during the fashionable season. We must do the author of "*The Dalrymples*" the justice to allow that her description of a milliner's establishment is but the type of several which are still the disgrace of the metropolis. Nor is the evil confined to London. In many provincial towns the labour is equally severe; and it is impossible for any one who endeavours to arrive at the truth in this matter, to avoid Sir James Clarke's conclusion that the mode of life which is forced upon English dressmakers is such as no constitution can long bear, and that one "more completely calculated to destroy human health could scarcely be contrived." There is room for legislative interference here. Why should not the dressmaker have her Ten Hours' Bill? But there is still more room for the exercise of practical benevolence, and for a thorough investigation of the subject. We have no doubt whatever that more than half the evil associated with the life of the dressmaker may be traced to that thoughtless cruelty which is at the root of so much of this world's misery.

The Boy's Book of Ballads. (Bell and Daldy, 1861.) Fletcher of Saltoun attributed more influence on the mind of a people to the popular ballad than to the laws; and Sir Philip Sidney, the Bayard of England, avowed that the song of "Chevy Chase" stirred his heart like a trumpet. Messrs. Bell and Daldy have in their charming volume of ballads made us wish that we were like Edgar Poe's mummy, capable of resuscitation at various periods of our allotted sum of existence. We remember in our boyhood studying these ballads in the "Elegant Extracts," a badly-printed, inconvenient volume; and now we have a volume more dainty in paper, type, and illustration than the costly "Keepsakes" and "Amulets" of that period. We are given the prime ballads of "Robin Hood and his Merrie Men," his encounter with the Curial Friar of Fountains, and their adventures with sheriffs and bishops; another version of "Sly the Tinker," in the "Taming of the Shrew"; the stirring story of the "Child of some Adventures of King John, Henry II., and Edward IV.," in the style of "Haroun-al-Raschid," and the glorious "Chevy Chase." We notice one strange mistake twice repeated (pp. 27, 42), by way of a note on "Prime," "Noon," though in a verse a little later we read, after an interval of several hours, which had been fully engaged, "By that it was mid of the day," &c. However, boys will not look such a gift-horse as this in the face with any but kindly eyes; and we would say to our young friends, "Come, we'll see't; sit by my side and let the world slip, we shall ne'er be younger."

Tales from Blackwood. Vol. XL (William Blackwood and Sons.) The famous Conservative monthly has always been peculiarly strong in the story-telling department. How many of our finest novels—long enough to fill their three volumes; how many of our raciest tales—short and sweet enough to be despatched and enjoyed during a summer hour's repose—have appeared in the renowned columns of "Maga"! It was a happy thought to collect together in so portable a form the best of these tales. The series will close with the twelfth volume, although the riches of the magazine are as yet far from exhausted. Of the five tales comprised in the volume before us, "John Rintoul" is alone deserving of any high praise. Happily, as it is the best tale, so also is it by far the longest. The rest—with the exception of the "First and Last Crime," which is unworthy of "Blackwood"—are fairly interesting, but are scarcely entitled to escape the ban of mediocrity.

Sermons, chiefly on the Theory of Belief. By the late Rev. J. Shergold Boone. (Longmans, 1860.) It is not our practice to notice sermons, and we only depart from our ordinary rule to notice the discourses of Mr. Boone owing to their high literary merit, and the fact that they are edited by the Rev. Alexander Taylor, the accomplished editor of Bishop Jeremy Taylor and Bishop Patrick, and well known in the immediate neighbourhood of Mr. Boone's late church as an excellent parish priest and ripe divine. These valuable sermons are those of no ordinary man, forming a series of eloquent addresses to an intellectual West-end congregation, couched

in clear language and preached in a logical series as "parts of a consecutive and approximately systematic argument upon their respective subjects." They exhibit rare powers of intellect in dealing with the speculative problems of modern thought; their style is pure and scholar-like, and their whole composition is an interesting proof how this singularly able man was able to combine with a philosophical bias of mind the most practical and earnest powers of pulpit exhortation.

Transactions of the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire. Vol. xii. "We are nothing if not critical," but really we are at a disadvantage in estimating in London the interest which may attach to a local record of the society of two distant counties. However, the "Flora of Preston," "Systematically-arranged Border for Plants," and "Poisons," seem hardly to be in harmony with their titles. The "Popular Customs and Traditions of Lancashire," and "The Tumuli at Warwick," are perhaps the best papers in the volume, to which Dr. Hume supplies "Remarks" on the eminently partial and ill-constructed census of religious worship of 1851. The "Population of Lancashire and Cheshire, 1801-1851" offers some curious details; the smoker will feel interest in an article on clay pipes.

The Art Journal. This part concludes the twenty-second annual volume. The first engraving belongs to the series from the Royal collection, and is from the well-known sketch by Delaroche, *The Rock at St. Helena*. The black mass of rock is particularly well brought out. The Turner, *Apollo Killing the Python*, is less successful. It wants clearness, and in parts is somewhat coarsely executed. Mr. Artlett's engraving of Mrs. Thornycroft's *The Cradle*, is an exquisite piece of artistic skill, and by its excellence perhaps causes us to think too meanly of the others in the number. We cannot speak highly of the letterpress; it is as uninteresting as letterpress can be.

The Hooded Snake. By Watts Phillips. (Ward and Lock.) Mr. Phillips's craft as a play-maker has been of service to him in the composition of this story. It contains a series of startling incidents and some decidedly effective hits. Yet it has failed as a drama, and will, we fear, fail as a novel, for though there is a good deal of careful writing in the book, power of description, and vividness of colour, yet the scenes are worked up, and lack the ease and breadth which reveal the hand of the true artist. "Poor Poppleton," a shorter tale, which serves to fill up the volume, is absurd enough to be tolerably amusing.

NEW MUSIC.

Evening Chimes. The Words by C. W. The Music by J. W. (London: Royal Musical Repository, 119, Bond Street.) A poor effusion, the composition of an amateur in a very elementary stage of musical knowledge. This we infer from the absence of all symmetry, or even form, in the melody, and the unceasing and unmeaning modulations—there being as many as eight different keys employed within the compass of four or five bars. The lines, we are told, were suggested by hearing the bells of a church in a North American colony at eventide. If this be so, we strongly counsel all intending poetasters not to cross the Atlantic for inspiration. A somewhat curious feature about this song is the fact that neither the author nor the composer, nor even the publisher, have cared to affix their names to it; so that it goes forth to the world relying solely on its intrinsic merits, which, unfortunately, are but few.

The Stars and Stripes Quadrille. Composed on Favourite America Airs, by C. Aylwin Field. (J. H. Jewell, Great Russell Street, London.) The title on the outside sufficiently indicates the contents. If the airs employed are "favourites" in America, we can only say that our taste differs considerably from theirs.

May Lilian Schottische. By W. H. Montgomery. (D'Almaine & Co., 104, New Bond Street.) Hardly equal in point of musical merit to some of the dance music by the same composer, such as the "Silver Lake Varsouviana," and others which we could mention, but the time is marked with great distinctness; and the melody, is of an ordinary character, though not unpleasant. The sixteen bars with

which the schottische commences, are repeated no less than five times, so that the four pages of music are really reduced to about half that number.

Geribaldi's National Song. A Four-part Unaccompanied Chorus. By William Spark. (J. H. Jewell, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury.) An extremely spirited and characteristic song, and one upon which the composer has evidently bestowed no inconsiderable amount of pains, the melodies being graceful, and the harmonies well wrought out; but, except for such well-trained chorus-singers as Yorkshire can boast, the piece, as a whole, seems rather too difficult for those patriotic amateurs with whom effusions of this class generally find favour—a chromatic passage of six semitones in succession on the words, "Let laurels bind it now," and again to the phrase, "She rises with a giant's might," being enough to test the accurate intonation of even a professional choral body. The holding notes for alto and bass, on the words "To Arms," whilst the two intermediate tenor parts are singing harmonies of the common chord and dominant; and again, the unison passages for alto and bass, whilst the tenors are singing in thirds, are both novel and effective. Mr. William Spark, the composer of this chorus, is a young musician of considerable ability, chiefly celebrated hitherto for his wonderful organ performances; but from this specimen of his powers in vocal composition, we should not be surprised to see him equally distinguished in other and higher branches of the art.

Am I in Dreams Remembered Yet? Ballad. Composed by Stephen Glover. (D'Almaine and Co., New Bond Street.) A flowing, though rather common-place ballad in D, for a tenor voice or mezzo-soprano, the compass being from D up to E in the fourth space of the treble. It is far below the standard of Mr. Glover's vocal compositions, and seems to have been suggested by the melody in the Spirit's Song from "Lurline," the interval from the C sharp to the E below being a marked feature in each, and occurring more than once in the course of the song.

The Infant's Prayer. A Child Beside a Mother Kneels. By W. C. Filby. Op. 52. (J. H. Jewell, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury.) We have had occasion more than once in the columns of this journal to speak in favourable terms of Mr. Filby's compositions, and the work now before us is in no respect inferior to those which have proceeded from the same pen. Originally written in the key of D flat, for a contralto voice, it is now transposed a whole tone higher, in order to bring it within the scope of an ordinary soprano voice, the compass being from B flat below up to E flat in the fourth treble space. In the last bar but two of the accompaniment we would suggest the following alterations:—instead of the harsh discord C flat—B flat, we would write C natural—A natural, descending upon C flat—A flat. The words are by the late Robert Montgomery—a fact which will, of itself, tend to promote the circulation of the song amongst a particular class of the community.

EDUCATIONAL WORKS.

Livy. Books XXI-XXIV, with Short English Notes, for the Use of Schools. (London: J. H. and James Parker.) The books selected in the present volume constitute the portion of "Livy" which is most commonly read in schools, and the first of them is perhaps the most difficult of all to the learner. The notes in this edition are scarcely of the sort we like to see appended to school editions. They are more geographical and historical than the critical explanations which are what a learner really needs. We believe the more closely notes are confined to explanations of the language of the original, and the more entirely they leave historical matters to the teachers, the more really useful they will be. Let a boy get up the text thoroughly, and his teacher can easily enlighten him as to all historical allusions.

MR. EDWARD LACEY, of West Strand, announces for publication on the 23rd instant a new and illustrated poem, entitled "Herefordia."

We observe amongst other works preparing for publication a second edition of Mr. G. M. Tweddell's "Shakespeare: his Times and Contemporaries."

BOOKS ANNOUNCED.

Allen (J. M.), *Mental Severance of Men and Women*, 12mo., 2s. 6d. Newby.
Ashley-Doun, or Living Faith in a Living God, 12mo., 3s. 6d. J. F. Shaw.
Ashwell (A. R.), *Schoolmasters' Studies*, 12mo., 2s. J. H. Parker.
Auckland (Lord), *Journals and Correspondence*, 2 vols., 8vo., 30s. Bentley.
Autobiography of Frank, the Happiest Little Dog that Ever Lived, 12mo., 2s. Darton.
Babes in the Wood, illustrated by a Lady, 16mo., 5s. Low.
Baily's Turf Guide, Winter Edition, 12mo., 2s. 6d. Baily.
Barney (A. M.), *Star in the East, Missionary Work in North India*, 12mo., 3s. 6d. J. F. Shaw.
Bickersteth (E.), *Family Prayers for Six Weeks*, new edition, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Seeley.
Bishop's (The) Daughter, a Tale of the Eleventh Century, post 8vo., 6s. J. Blackwood.
Blackie (W. G.), *David, King of Israel*, 2nd edition, post 8vo., 5s. Nisbet.
Blind Schoolmaster, a True Story, 12mo., 1s. 6d. Tressider.
Books for Country—Bury (H. S.), *Hints for Farmers and Agricultural Students*, 1s. Routledge.
Bree (C. R.), *History of Birds of Europe*, vol. II, royal 8vo., 17s. Greenbridge.
Brightwell (Ch.), *Difficulties Overcome, Scenes in Life of Alexander Wilson, the Ornithologist*, 12mo., 2s. Low.
Burke (E.), *Life and Times*, by M. Knight, vol. III, 8vo., 20s. Chapman and Hall.
Cambridge Greek and Latin Texts, Lucilius, by Manro, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Bell.
Chosen Thoughts from Shakespeare, 12mo., 5s. Whittaker.
Christian Lyrics, Selected from Modern Authors, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Hamilton.
Christmas Week and its Stories, 12mo., 3s. 6d. C. H. Clarke.
Clayton (E.), *Women of the Reformation*, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Dean.
Cobwebs to Catch Flies, new edition, 12mo., 2s. Lockwood.
Conquest of England, from Wace's Poem "The Roman de Table Ronde," 4to., 42s. Bell.
Corry (W. G.), *Treatise on Industrial Resources of Ireland*, 12mo., 2s. 6d. Whittaker.
Dean's Peep-Show Magic Picture-Book, royal 8vo., 2s. Dean.
De Barrera (Mat.), *Gems and Jewels, their History, Geography, and Chemistry*, post 8vo., 10s. 6d. Bentley.
Disorderly Fireside, a Tale for Young Persons, 12mo., 1s. Bell.
Donaldson (J. W.), *Complete Latin Grammar*, 2nd edition, 8vo., 16s. Bell.
Eorand (J.), *Biblical Commentary, Epistle of St. John*, 8vo., 10s. 6d. Hamilton.
Edgar (C. G.), *Story of Struggles of Houses of York and Lancaster*, 12mo., 3s. 6d. C. H. Clarke.
Family Treasury of Sunday Reading, vol. II, royal 8vo., 4s. 6d. Nelson.
Gaskin (J.), *Early History of Vocal Music*, royal 8vo. Simpkin.
Goethe's Sketches, Travels in Italy, in German, 12mo., 2s. 6d. Williams and Norgate.
Gordon (B. S.), *Brief Notices of Life of—Dawn and Sunrise*, 2nd edition, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Nelson.
Gospel Magazine and Protestant Beacon, vol. IV, 8vo., 7s. 6d. Collingridge.
Gospel Missionary Magazine, 1860, 16mo., 1s. Bell.
Gough (J. B.), *Autobiography*, new edition, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Tweedie.
Grand Volunteer Review at Edinburgh, 4to., 10s. 6d. Simpkin.
Hall (W.), *Plain Truths Plainly Put*, 18mo., 1s. Nisbet.
Hawker's Morning and Evening Portion, new edition, 12mo., 3s. Collingridge.
Heaven Our Home, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Simpkin.
High Life in New York, by Jonathan Slick, 12mo., 2s. C. H. Clarke.
Hogarth's Complete Works, edited by Hamann, 4to., £2 12s. 6d. Griffin.
Houllist, vol. II, new series, post 8vo., 3s. 6d. Ward.
Humphreys (H. N.), *Coat of Arms of British Empire*, new edition, royal 8vo., 21s. Griffin.
Hunt (W. Holman) and His Works, 8vo., 1s. Nisbet.
Illustrated Boy's Book of Pastime, 12mo., 1s. Ward and Lock.
Ingram (A.), *Mathematics*, new edition, 12mo., 4s. 6d.; Key, 3s. 6d. Simpkin.
Jackson (G.), *New Cheek Journal, Double Entry*, 8th edition, 8vo., 2s. E. Wilson.
Kieser (J.), *National Melodist*, vol. I, 8vo., 7s. 6d. Houlston.
Kingsley (C.), *Limits of Exact Science as Applied to History*, post 8vo., 2s. Macmillan.
Ladies' Treasury, vol. IV, royal 8vo., 2s. 6d. Ward and Lock.
Lamp of Love, 1860, 18mo., 1s. 6d. Houlston.
Leighton (A.), *Curious Stories Traditions of Scottish Life*, vol. II, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Griffin.
Lockwood (Lady J.), *Instinct or Reason, Tales of Animals*, 16mo., 5s. 6d. Saunders and Otley.
Lyra Germanica, illustrated by John Leighton, 4to., 21s. Longman.
Lumley (W. G.), *Nuisances Removal and Disease Prevention Acts*, 2nd edition, 8s. Knight.
Macduff's Grapes of Eshcol, Gleanings from Land of Promise, 12mo., 3s. 6d. Nisbet.
Magdalen Haverling, by Author of "The Verneys," 3 vols., 31s. 6d. Hurst and Blackett.
Major (Dr.), *First Greek, for Junior Classes*, new edition, 12mo., 4s. Fellows.
Meadows (J. C.), *New French Pronouncing Dictionary*, new edition, 18mo., 2s. Tegg.
Miller and Collier's Treatise on Bills of Sale, 2nd edition, 12mo., 9s. Stevens.

Moberley (G.), *Sermons on the Beatitudes*, 8vo., 10s. 6d. J. H. Parker.
Morley (H.), *Oberon's Horn, a Book of Fairy Tales*, post 8vo., 5s. Chapman and Hall.
Motley (J. L.), *History of United Netherlands*, 2 vols., 8vo., 30s. Murray.
Nalopakhyanam, Story of Nala Sanskrit Text, by Monier Williams, Metrical Translation by Dean Milman, 8vo., 18s. J. H. Parker.
O'Neill (W.), *Unchanging Love*, 12mo., 2s. Tressider.
One Hundred and One Days on Horseback, Lady's Ride from Rome to Lucerne, post 8vo., 10s. 6d. Saunders and Otley.
Osborn (Cap. Sherard), *Japanese Fragments*, 16mo., 7s. Bradbury.
Parliament in the Play Room, by A. L. O. E., 12mo., 2s. 6d. Nelson.
Penny Post for 1860, 8vo., 1s. 6d. J. H. Parker.
Pellock (R.), *Course of Time*, 23rd edition, 12mo., 5s. Blackwood.
Pritchard (A.), *History of Infusoria*, 8vo., plain 36s.; coloured, 50s. Whittaker.
Psalter, or Psalms of David in Verse, by a Member of University of Cambridge, 12mo., 5s. Bell.
Rays of Sunlight for Dark Days, Preface by C. J. Vaughan, 16mo., 4s. 6d. Macmillan.
Sargens (G. E.), *Mists and Shadows*, 12mo., 2s. 6d. Tressider.
Scott (Mrs.), *Dairy Management and Feeding Milk Cows*, 12mo., 1s. Blackwood.
Simpkinson (Mrs.), *Mental Pictures*, 18mo., 1s. Nisbet.
Solicitor's Pocket Diary, 3s. 6d. Greenbridge.
Smith (J. Fyfe), *First Lines in Theology*, 2nd edition, 8vo., 15s. Jackson and Walford.
Smith (Mrs.), *Mornings with Mamma*, Old Text Series, 2 vols., 5s. each. Hogg.
Sortani of Brighton, Review of His Life and Ministry, 16mo., 4s. 6d. Partridge.
Sources of Joy in Seasons of Sorrow, by Author of "God is Love," 32mo., 1s. Darton.
Sunday Teacher's Treasury, vol. IV, 4s. Wertheim.
Tate (T.), *Modern Cambrist*, new edition, 8vo., 12s. E. Wilson.
Tholuck (A.), *Commentary on Sermon on the Mount*, 8vo., 10s. 6d. Hamilton.
Todd (R. B.), *Clerical Lectures*, edited by L. Beale, 8vo., 18s. Churchill.
Twickenham Tales, by a Society of Novelists, 2 vols., post 8vo., 21s. Hogg.
Two Essays on the Atonement, 8vo., 1s. Simpkin.
Wake (Abp.), *General Epistles of Apostolic Fathers*, post 8vo., 2s. Whittaker.
Walter Wonderment, Wonderful Table Changes, royal 8vo., 2s. Dean.
Watson (Rev. G.), *Four Discourses*, 8vo., 3s. J. H. Parker.
Wellington (Duke), *Supplementary Despatches*, vol. VII, Peninsular, 8vo., 20s. Murray.
White (H.), *Outlines of History of Rome*, 2nd edition, 12mo., 1s. 6d. Simpkin.
Whispering Voices of the Yule, a Christmas Book, 12mo., 5s. 6d. Saunders and Otley.
Who's Who, 1861, 18mo., 2s. 6d. Baily.
Wilson (George), *Memoir of, by His Sister*, 8vo., 14s. Macmillan.
Wright (A.), *New Congregational Tune Book*, 12mo., 2s. 6d. Nelson.
Year Book of Agricultural Facts, 1860, 12mo., 5s. Blackwood.

MR. JAMES BLACKWOOD has the following Works in preparation:—"Illustrious Men: their Noble Deeds, Discoveries, and Attainments." "Illustrious Women who have distinguished themselves for Piety, Virtue, and Benevolence." A New Novel—"The Dark Cloud with the Silver Lining," by B. Hemmyng.

TELEGRAPHIC CABLES.—Late events in China have again called attention to the necessity of efficient and reliable telegraphic communication with the Far East. It is not enough that attempts have been made to establish that communication: they must be renewed again and again, each fresh effort being fortified by the teachings of experience. The cable stranded and abandoned in the Red Sea, and the cable destined for Rangoon, which has been condemned even before it could be sent out, show the imperfection of the principle on which submarine cables for long sea lines have hitherto been constructed. The whole thing resolves itself into a question of insulation, and as the material employed for that purpose has been found wanting, it is obviously necessary to cast about for some other material which will stand the trials that have proved too severe for gutta percha. But what is that much-desiderated material? That question ought long since to have been answered, as the committee appointed to experiment and decide on the most points in telegraphic insulation closed their labours four months ago, after sitting for a year, and yet there is no report published. Of course it is but right that in so important a matter ample leisure should be given for deliberation, but the public necessities are imperative; and to fritter away precious time over minor considerations is neither judicious nor patriotic.

MUSIC.

COVENT GARDEN.

Each subsequent hearing of Balfe's new opera, "*Bianca*," has tended to confirm the favourable impressions which we entertained at the very first, and to which we partly gave utterance in our necessarily brief notice of last week. Stimulated, no doubt, by the cordial reception of Wallace's "*Lurline*," and Macfarren's "*Robin Hood*," Mr. Balfe has applied himself to his pleasing task with an intensity of purpose and depth of design, not usually observable in his dramatic compositions; and the result is that he has produced a work which we think may very fairly stand a close comparison with those of any other English composer (John Barnett's "*Mountain Syph*" not excepted), and which most decidedly is to be ranked as his own masterpiece.

Of the four acts of which this opera consists, the first is certainly the weakest; and this may be easily accounted for by the fact that two of the most important characters in the piece do not make their appearance until the commencement of the second act, the Duke of Milan (Mr. Alberto Lawrence), and his daughter Bianca (Miss Louisa Pyne). The overture, or, to speak more correctly, the orchestral prelude, opens with a series of chords, played by the whole strength of the band, not unlike, in form, the opening chords in the overture to the "*Domino Noir*" of Auber. After some disjointed fragments of melody, occasionally interrupted by solitary notes from one or other of the wind instruments, we hear the first theme, a very elegant and graceful melody, to which the words of the opening chorus in Act ii. are afterwards sung (p. 19):—

"As slowly fades the light of day,
Alone at holy shrine to pray
Designs our mistress fair."

After some very rapid scale passages for the first and second violins, the second theme is heard on the full band, which is identical with the tune in the fourth act, sung by the Duke, Bianca, and Fortespada (p. 53):—

"Good angels guard thee, dearest love,
When peril's hour is nigh."

Both these airs are worked up with considerable ingenuity, the former being repeated in the minor, and again played in the original major, with a very florid and running accompaniment of string and wind instruments. As the curtain draws up, we see the groups of penitents kneeling on the cathedral steps, and the hands of the priests held out to bless the worshippers, who chant their hymn to the accompaniment of the organ. The hymn itself is a slight though pretty composition, but with nothing of the devotional character about it, though Mr. Balfe has endeavoured, by the employment of the common chord of the flat seventh, to impart an ecclesiastical air to it. A little further on, when Beppo (Mr. St. Albyn) is about to relate a legend accounting for the supernatural powers of the *Bravo Fortespada*, the air—which, for distinction's sake, we will call the *Bravo*'s air—is first heard; this phrase, consisting of about three bars in length, in the key of G minor, occurs no less than eight or nine times in the course of the opera, and is invariably introduced when any allusion is made to the *Bravo*. The first act concludes with a very spirited song by Fortespada (Mr. Harrison), who, being elected by the conspirators as their chief, calls upon them to pledge him in a goblet of wine (p. 17):—

"Glorious wine!
Liquor divine!
Thou art the sun on hearts to shine!"

The second act opens with a view of one of the cathedral aisles, with illuminated windows above, producing a beautiful effect; the ladies in attendance upon Bianca sing their beautiful and exquisite air, already anticipated in the overture, to the words which we have quoted above,

"As slowly fades the light of day."

The entrance of the Duke, overcome with indignation at the counter-proclamation boldly issued by Fortespada; the final rejection of Count Malespina's

(the chief conspirator) suit, by Bianca, and her own preservation from the dagger of the Count's assassin by the timely interposition of Fortespada himself, in the guise of a mendicant friar, are all points admitting of great dramatic expression, and Mr. Balfe has admirably availed himself of the opportunity afforded. The influence of Meyerbeer's example is very perceptible in the instrumentation, which is carried on in every possible form and combination of instruments. In Malespina's soliloquy (p. 21),

"Perchance the last, indeed! Proud beauty, say!
For death thy lot, should'st thou my suit defy!"

we have the unearthly trombone accompaniment, reminding us of the employment of the same instruments in the latter part of "*Don Giovanni*;" in Bianca's plea for pity (p. 22),

"In wrath you part;
Forbearance I implore—
No longer mine to give—my heart!"

the muted violins with a most peculiar undulating accompaniment, and the perfectly novel effect of the deep tones of the clarinet after Bianca's recitative, are all marks of that extreme elaboration which characterises the instrumentation of works of a high order. The *finale* to this act, where Fortespada claims Bianca's hand as his reward for saving her life; and the concluding part, where the Duke, the guards, and ladies, all run to Bianca's assistance on hearing her cry for help, is splendidly worked up; the chorus expressing its apprehension that some terrible mystery is hidden in Bianca's oft-repeated exclamation, "*The Bravo's Bride*."

In the third act, whilst the ladies of the court are rehearsing their dances for the ball which is to be given by the Duke on the occasion of his daughter's marriage with the Prince of Ferrara, an amusing scene takes place between Beppo (Mr. St. Albyn), and Zeffirina (Miss Thirlwall), an antiquated lady of the court, still susceptible of the tender passions. In order to ingratiate himself in her favour, and by this means become acquainted with the real state of Bianca's feelings towards his master, the (Prince of Ferrara), Beppo affects to put himself under Zeffirina's tuition, to learn the proper steps in the dance. Mr. St. Albyn enacts this part so cleverly, and dances with such ease and lightness, as invariably to call down an *encore*; in fact, small as the part is, it is one of the best things which Mr. St. Albyn has done on the Covent Garden stage. In this act occurs Bianca's exquisite ballad in D flat (p. 33):—

"In vain I strove to teach my heart,
Spite yearnings of regret,
The task, beyond poor woman's art,
The sad task—to forget.
For while with ardour, every day,
'Gainst my own heart I fought,
To drive the thought of him away.
'Twas he, my only thought."

The second stanza of the ballad is accompanied most effectively by the harp and oboe obligati; and throughout the song, the accompanying harmonies are of the richest character possible. The interview between Bianca and her father, on the subject of her proposed marriage, gives occasion for the introduction of another ballad, full of tender and pathetic emotion (p. 35):—

"From my childhood didst thou pray me
In thy heart to seek, my father,
Should a false world e'er betray me,
That pure love which ne'er betrays;
And my sorrow I have brought thee,
In affliction weak, my father,
Thee I seek now, as I sought thee
In my early childhood's days."

The Duke chides his daughter, forbidding her to come into his presence until she has discarded Odoardo from her heart; but whilst seated in his room, is startled by the sudden and mysterious appearance of the *Bravo*, who proffers his services to the Duke on one condition—the hand of his daughter; this the Duke rejects with scorn, and the *Bravo* glides away as mysteriously as he appeared, having first declared his intention of assassinating the Duke's friends. Mr. Harrison in this interview sings two songs; the first of which, commencing with the words (p. 40)—

"'Tis not purple and gold that ennobles the man,
Nor the haubts the valiant revere."

was *encored* on the first night. The second is a

lively and spirited air, curiously made up of descending sevenths and ascending sixths (p. 40):—

"When thus my alliance I proffer,
'Tis hard to be treated with scorn;
But, shortly, thyself thou shalt offer
The boon to refuse thou hast sworn."

A magnificent *finale* on the words (p. 45)—

"Ah! night of woe
And terror wild!
Yet 'scapes our foe
By all rev'd'd!"

magnificently sung by the chorus, concludes Act iii.

The fourth act, in which the identity of Odoardo with the Prince of Ferrara and Fortespada is made known, opens with Bianca's already famous recitative and air (p. 46):—

"As torrent roaming
O'er the height,
In deluge foaming
Takes its flight,"

very sparkling, melodious, and brilliant; a ballad in B flat, sung by Odoardo in his proper character (p. 48):—

"Once more upon the path of life
I wander forth alone,
To battle on in weary strife,
Where none shall hear my moan."

was *encored* on the first night's performance, though not without considerable opposition from one section of the audience. It is, in our opinion, feeble, poor, and sickly; decidedly inferior to the other ballads in the opera. The very peculiar instrumentation employed during the ensuing dialogue between Odoardo and Bianca deserves to be specially noticed for its quaintness and originality, none but reeds and wood instruments being made use of. A splendid air, already noticed as occurring in the overture (p. 53),

"Good angels guard thee, dearest love,"

sung by the Duke, Bianca, and Odoardo, on the departure of the latter after promising to place the *Bravo Fortespada* in the Duke's power; a fine ballad, remarkably well delivered by Mr. Wharton, in the character of Count Malespina, on the all-potent virtues of gold (p. 56); and an elaborate bravura for Bianca, at the close of the opera (p. 64), are the most noticeable features in this act. Since the first performance of the opera, some curtailments have been made, principally in the fourth act, where some disapprobation was manifested by the audience at the ridiculous scene enacted by Zeffirina in the character of a Siren, and Beppo as a Triton. Even as it stands now, it is of considerable length; but the introduction of a charming ballet, one of the most pleasing and original that we have witnessed for some time, in the fourth act, effectually dissipates any feeling at all approaching to weariness; this latter is invariably *encored*; and, if one may judge from the sprightly and vivacious manner in which it is always presented, seems to afford as much gratification to the fair danseuses who take part in it as to the audience who witness it. As our notice has already extended somewhat beyond the usual length, we must reserve our remarks upon the principal performers for another occasion, merely recording now the general completeness and satisfactory execution of the whole; and expressing our firm conviction that of all the successful works produced by Mr. Balfe since his *début* in the art-world in London as a composer, under the auspices of Madame Malibran, now many years since, this bids fair to be the most successful and the most enduring, notwithstanding the curious combination it presents of English words set to Italian melodies, with German harmonies.

HER MAJESTY'S.

The apathy displayed by the public for the Italian performances during the early part of the present season must be considered as partly atoned for by the warm and even affectionate reception with which, now that she is about to take her departure, Madlle. Tietjens has been greeted during the week. Seconded by the admirable efforts of Giuglini, Madlle. Tietjens impersonated the unhappy bride in "*Lacia di Lammemoor*," which was given on Monday last, with a tragic force and vivid expression, such as is never attained unless by artists of the highest genius. In the "*Trovatore*," on Wednesday, the usual honours of an *encore* were paid to the "*Ah! si ben mio*," and the "*Ah! che la*

morte," in the tower scene. With the performances of this week, the season, or at all events that part of it before Christmas, terminates—Mr. Sims Reeves, temporarily absent on account of the death of his father, resuming, for this week only, his part of *Robin Hood*. Victor Massé's opera, "*La Reine Topaze*," will be the next work produced here, on Wednesday, Dec. 26th. Selections from no less than four distinct operas were announced for Mlle. Tietjen's benefit yesterday—"Marta," "*Les Huguenots*," "*Norma*," and the "*Travatore*."

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

The programme of the Monday Popular Concerts this week, was simply a repetition of the Beethoven night, a few unimportant changes being made in the vocal department. Herr Becker, in consequence of an accident, recorded in our columns elsewhere, is replaced by M. Sainton. Next Monday, the selections will be made from various masters, and Miss Arabella Goddard will make her first appearance in London this season after her very successful tour in the western counties.

Our space will only allow us briefly to record the instrumental performances of the volunteer band on Wednesday; that of Mr. C. Henken's choral association, with Mr. E. J. Hopkins presiding at the organ (Thursday), and lastly, that of Mr. Leslie's choir, which entered upon the sixth season of its existence yesterday evening (Friday).

SACRED HARMONIC S.

One of the usual winter performances of the "*Messiah*," by the Sacred Harmonic Society took place last week on Friday evening. In this stupendous musical epic (for such it really is) the performers are so thoroughly at home, that the duties of a critic are insensibly merged into the eulogies of the panyrist. The principal soprano part was taken by Madlle. Parepa, who seems likely to contest, and that, too, successfully, the possession of the vocal throne, vacated by the retirement of Madame Clara Novello, the queen of all oratorio performances. On the stage, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington would easily distance her fair competitor, owing to her great personal advantages, but these will avail her but little in the field of sacred music, where true artistic cultivation and genuine expression must ultimately win the day. Madame Sainton-Dolby's rendering of the airs allotted to the contralto in this oratorio has always been considered the *ne plus ultra* of excellence, and will in all probability continue so until our musical tastes deteriorate, and we fall into the iron age of music, to which we are speedily approaching in the opinion of some "alarmists," who see in the partiality of the public for Verdi the clearest evidence of the decline and downfall of the art. However, to resume: the other parts in this oratorio were assigned to Mr. George Porren and Mr. Weiss, both praiseworthy and conscientious artists. Another performance of the "*Messiah*" will be given next Friday. Yesterday there was a quasi-private performance of Mozart's Twelfth Mass in G, the principal solo parts being taken, not by professional singers, but by amateurs, members of the society.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

Symphony, No. 6 Beethoven.
Bilero, from "*I Vespri Siciliani*" Verdi.
Song, "*Who shall be falsest*" Mori.
Solo for flute Nicholson.
Cavatina, "*Ah! s'estinto*" Mercadante.
Duet, "*Da quel di*" Donizetti.
Invitation to the Valse C. M. v. Weber.
Song, "*The green trees whispered*" Balfe.
Spirit Song from "*Lurline*" Wallace.
Overture, "*William Tell*" Rossini.

Notwithstanding its great length, the pastoral symphony of Beethoven is sure to obtain the recognition due to its merits, whenever it is performed, as was the case on Saturday last, by an efficient band under an equally efficient conductor. The five different movements of which the symphony is composed—the first or pastoral in 2-4 time; the second in 12-8, depicting a scene on the banks of a rivulet, with the fanciful imitation of the nightingale and the cuckoo; the rustic dance 3-4, and storm; and lastly, the shepherds' song of gratitude for the return of fine weather 6-8—were all played with the greatest precision and delicacy. Equally well performed was the overture to "*William Tell*," with which the concert concluded. The applause

in this instance was so hearty and unanimous as to have justified a repetition. The remaining instrumental piece was Weber's "*Invitation à la Valse*," arranged for full orchestra by Hector Berlioz; wherein the latter has had full opportunity for displaying his intimate acquaintance with all the resources of a modern orchestra. Signor Palmieri sang Frank Mori's elegant song with great care and felicity of expression, not straining his voice beyond its natural limits, as he occasionally does; and which, indeed, was the only blemish in his otherwise meritorious performance of his share of the duett from "*Linda di Chamounix*," where Madame Palmieri took the soprano part. The last part of this duet was *encored*, as was also one of the flute variations, by Nicholson, on the song, "*Hope told a flatt'ring tale*," very brilliantly executed by Mr. Wells, one of the Crystal Palace orchestra. Miss Topham made her first appearance in the cavatina by Mercadante. The extreme nervousness of the fair *débütante* prevented our forming any very definite idea of her musical powers, but she seemed to own a rather fine contralto voice; in Balfe's song she was a little more at her ease, and was not so faulty in point of intonation. This concert is the sixth of the present winter season.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

The new ballet, "*Le Papillon*," has been performed at the Opéra, Paris, three times during the past week—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; on the last occasion it was preceded by a representation of M. Paladilhe's cantata "*Ivan IV.*" (the words by M. Theodore Anne), the work which was recently crowned by the Académie des Beaux Arts. The chief executants were Madlle. Andie Rey, MM. Michet and Cazaux. The idea of transferring to the stage a work crowned by the Institute is not without precedent: fifteen years ago the same compliment was paid to M. Bazin for his beautiful cantata, "*Louisa Montfort*."

The first performance of "*Guillaume Tell*" was to have taken place on Wednesday evening at the Opéra, Paris, with Signor Morelli, who has lately been making a very successful tour in the United States, as *Guillaume*, and Madlle. Carlotta Marchisio in the rôle of *Matilda*. The whole of one scene and an air, generally omitted, were restored on this occasion.

The first representation of "*Les Pêcheurs de Catanz*," was announced for Friday at the Théâtre Lyrique. Madlle. Baretti and M. Peschard, two pupils from the Conservatoire, were to make their *début* in this opera, which is from the pen of M. Aimé Maillard, the composer of "*Les Dragons de Villars*;" this latter work has lately been produced at Berlin, under the name of "*La Clotchette de Ermita*," with complete success.

At the Opéra Comique, Paris, the rehearsals of "*Le Roi Barkouf*," interrupted by the sudden and severe indisposition of Madlle. Saint Urbain, have been once more resumed. Madlle. Marimon is spoken of as likely to undertake the principal rôle in this opera, in place of Madlle. Saint Urbain.

A few weeks ago we recorded the success of Pacini's new opera, "*Gianna di Nisida*," at the Theatre of Apollo, Rome; since then, another, entitled "*Stephanias*," the composition of Raffaele Gentili, has been produced, and has met with the most decided success.

Hermann Bérès, the composer of "*Violetta*," "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*," operetta in two acts, and "*Lully and Quinault*," has just been nominated to the post of musical director to one of the principal theatres at Stockholm.

Two new compositions, a *Serenade* by Brahms, and a *Violin-Concerto* by Joachim, were performed at the last concert of the Gewandhaus, Leipzig.

Meyerbeer's "*Schiller Marsch*," arranged for the piano by Lizst, was one of the pieces introduced by M. de Bulow at his first evening concert, given a few days since at Berlin.

A new musical journal, "*L'Art Musical*," has been started in Paris, under the management of M. Leon Escudier. A similar work, "*L'Italia Artistica*," published in Florence, has just reached its eighth number.

A biography of Franz Schubert (the contemporary of Beethoven), known chiefly in England by his vocal compositions, "*The Erl-King*," "*The Praise of Tears*," and other songs has recently been published in Vienna. It is written by Dr. Heinrich von Kreissler, and is said to contain much highly interesting matter.

The "*Theatrical Review and Gazette*" (Paris) announces the appointment of M. Dermeuil (*père*) to the management of the Théâtre Vaudeville, vacant by the death of M. Louis Lurin. The engagements of the artists, constituting the *personnel* of the establishment, are to hold good for the year.

The Musical Academy of Munich, founded in the year 1810, has now completed the fiftieth anniversary of its existence. During this half-century the society has performed 291 symphonies, 401 overtures, 59 oratorios, 65 miscellaneous pieces. Amongst the symphony performances Beethoven's name appears 124 times, Mozart 41, Haydn 37, Sebastian Bach 5, Lachner 14, Mendelssohn 11, Franz Liszt 4. In the list of oratorios, we have Haydn 24 times, Beethoven 11, Mozart (Requiem) 3, Mendelssohn 1, Cherubini 1, Handel 10, Lachner 2, Winter 1, Schumann 1, Sebastian Bach 1. The disciples belonging to the school of the Music of the Future do not seem to have come in for any considerable share. Liszt figures in the list for two piano-concertos, in addition to the symphonies; Richard Wagner, 2 overtures; Hector Berlioz, 2 overtures, a song and a symphony; Niels Gade, 1 symphony and 1 fantasia-stück; Robert Schumann, 3 symphonies, 2 overtures, besides the cantata "*Paradise and the Peri*;" Riess, 1 symphony and a battle-song.

A sad accident has lately happened to our accomplished violinist, Herr Becker. Whilst playing a few days since at Leamington, he was struck in the eye by one of the violin strings, which suddenly snapped in two. In consequence of the violence of the blow, he has been compelled to relinquish all his engagements for the present, and it is quite uncertain when he will be able to resume them. His place in the Monday Popular Concerts is filled by M. Sainton.

Next week, at the Bouffes Parisiens, the first representation of a new opera, "*Le Mari sans Savoir*," is to take place, the music being composed (according to the French papers) by a person of high political rank.

Flotow's opera of "*Martha*" is just now as popular at Paris as in London, the "*Spinning quartet*," and "*The Last Rose of Summer*," being generally *encored*. Mesdames Alboni, Battu, and MM. Mario, Zucchini, and Graziani, enact the principal characters.

THE DRAMA.

Wednesday night witnessed the reproduction of the "*Irish Ambassador*," under very favorable auspices. This piece is a fine specimen of old-fashioned English comedy, abounding with sprightly dialogue and entertaining "situations." The whole action turns upon a series of amusing blunders, made by a pair of rival members of the *corps diplomatique*, who mistake the straightforward bluntness of a simple-minded Irish baronet for a subtle scheme of diplomatic intrigue. Mr. Drew's impersonation of the *Irish Ambassador* was eminently characteristic, and elicited bursts of laughter. Misses M. Ternan and Hudspeth were as charming and effective as usual, and entered into the characters allotted to them with great spirit and vivacity. The revival of the piece was a decided success, and will well bear repetition.

OLYMPIC.

Once more the public have an opportunity of seeing Mr. Robson's extraordinary versatility, and his double excellence in comedy and tragedy. The revival of "*Daddy Hardacre*" is well timed. The representation on the same night of "*A Regular Fix*" and "*Boots at the Swan*" was almost too much, and the laughter amounted to downright hysteria by the middle of the second of these pieces. The substitution of a graver drama is exceedingly judicious.

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SCIENCE.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

A crowded meeting of this society was held on Monday evening—Sir R. L. Murchison, vice-president, in the chair.

Among those present were Lord Clyde; Sir Henry Rawlinson; Sir John Lawrence; Sir W. C. Trevelyan; Sir Henry James; Admiral Sir Henry Martin; Sir J. Davis; Sir Thos. Fremantle; Sir John Login; the Right Hon. H. U. Addington; Capt. Alexis Antipoff; Col. Shaffner and Dr. Macgowan, of the U.S.; Generals Monteith and Rumley; the Hon. A. Kinnaird, M.P.; Consul Petherick; Colonels Ph. Yorke, Gawler, and Dickson; Lord Strangford; Major Craeford; Captains Collinson, Sherard Osborn, M. S. Nolloth, Sir F. Nicolson, Sir E. Belcher, L. S. Tindal, G. A. Bedford, R.N., and W. H. Walker; Allen Young, D. Herd, Samuel Hyde, H. Harris, Martin Petrie, and Sydney Webb; Mr. Crawford; Mr. Merivale; Mr. Croskey; Mr. Oliphant; Mr. Atkinson; Mr. Duncan Macgregor; Mr. Plowden; Drs. Rae, Lee, Hamel (of Russia), Glen, Bright, Bigsby, and Dobie; the Honourables H. S. Law and A. Dillon; the Dean of Battle; and Messrs. Arrowsmith, Harwood, Spotiswoode, W. A. Loch, Hellmann, &c., &c.

Thomas Begbie, J. Rodney Croskey, and I. Irwine Whitty, D.C.L., Esqrs., were presented upon their election.

Dr. J. Cornwell, Ph.D.; Lieut.-Colonel Lothian Sheffield Dickson; Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, Bart., of Bombay; Dr. E. J. Pearce, Ph.D.; and A. M. à-Beckett, W. R. Looker, J. A. Mann, G. Philip, and W. Spencer Stanhope, Esqrs., were elected fellows.

The Right Hon. H. U. Addington; Consul A. W. Hanson; Sir R. Digby Neave, Bart.; Col. T. P. Shaffner, of the U.S.; Capt. A. Wilson; and S. Orchart Beeton, C. J. A. Rumbold, T. H. Rumbold, and J. Ralph Shawe, Esqrs., were proposed as candidates for election at the next meeting.

The following were among the most important accessions to the library and map rooms since the last meeting:—Maury's "Physical Geography of the Sea," "Den sidste Franklin-Expedition med Fox," Captain McClintock Ved Carl Petersen, Hope's "Canadian Settler's Guide," &c., &c.

Views of Rangoon (British Pegu), photographs of various parts of Burmah, by Dr. McCosh, M.D.; tracings of the Irrawadi, Salwin, and other rivers, by Captain R. Sprye; and illustrated diagram, by Mr. George, curator R.G.S., of routes from Rangoon to Esmok in China, were exhibited.

The Papers read were:—1. Communication with the south-west provinces of China from Rangoon in British Pegu, by Captain R. Sprye, and R. H. T. Sprye, Esq.; 2. The second paper, by Dr. McCosh, late of the Bengal medical staff, read was, "On the Various Lines of Overland Communication between India and China."

After the reading of the papers an animated discussion ensued, in which the chairman, Mr. Crawford, Sir John Davis, Captain Sherard Osborn, Mr. Laurence Oliphant, and Mr. Lockhart, took part. The meeting adjourned to the 14th of January.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Tuesday, December 11, 1860—Dr. Gray, V.P., in the chair. Mr. Osbert Salvin read a paper on the "Reptiles of Guatemala," founded principally on the results of his own collecting in that country. The most interesting species indicated were a venomous serpent, proposed to be called *Thamnophis curifer* (new genus and species), a new tree-frog (*Hyla holochlora*), and a new *Typhlops* (*T. tenuis*)—the forms proved to be partly Neartic, though principally Neotropical in character.

Mr. Lovell Reeve communicated a commentary on M. Deshayé's "Revision of the Genus *Terebra*," as published in the Society's proceedings for 1859.

Mr. Slater exhibited a remarkably fine pair of horns of the *Ovis poli* of Pamir, belonging to Major W. E. Hay, F.Z.S.

Mr. Slater read a report on "The Indian Pheasants bred in the Society's Menagerie during the Years 1858, 1859, and 1860." During the past season the bad weather had caused great mortality among the young birds, and the deaths had been far beyond the average. Mr. Slater also

called the attention of the meeting to the arrival of a living Babirusa in the gardens, obtained by exchange from the Zoological Society of Rotterdam, and pointed out the characters of nine new species of South American birds from his own collection.

Papers were read by Dr. Baird on some new species of *Entozoa*, and on two new *Entomostraca* of the orders *Phyllopora* and *Cladocera*, and by Mr. H. Adams on some new genera and a new species of *Acephalous Molluscs*.

Mr. A. Newton called the attention of the meeting to the recent discovery by Dr. Ayres of some bones of the Dodo in the Mauritius.

The meeting adjourned to the 8th of January.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

December 5, 1860—L. Horner, Esq., President, in the chair.

William Salmon, Esq., Ulverstone, Lancashire; Peter Higson, Esq., one of H.M. Inspectors of Coal Mines, Broughton, near Manchester; John Spence, Esq., Bowood, Wilts; Alexander R. Binnie, Esq., C.E., 7, Upper Lansdowne Terrace; George James Eustace, Esq., Arundel House, Clifton Road, Brighton; and F. D. P. Dukinfield Astley, Esq., Dukinfield, Cheshire, were elected Fellows.

The following communication was read:—"On the Structure of the North-west Highlands, and the Relations of the Gneiss, Rhyolite, and Quartzite of Sutherland and Ross-shire." By Professor James Nicol, F.G.S.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

December 11, 1860—George P. Bidder, Esq., President, in the chair.

The discussion upon Mr. Preece's paper "On the Maintenance and Durability of Submarine Cables in Shallow Waters," was continued throughout the evening.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

December 6, 1860—Col. P. Yorke, V.P., in the chair.

Mr. J. Barratt was elected a Fellow.

Mr. S. D. Hayes read a paper "On a New Lead Salt corresponding to Cobalt Yellow."

Dr. Hoffmann made a communication "On the Production of Mixed Anilene, Phosphine, and Arsine Compounds."

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

12th December—Sir Thomas Phillips, F.G.S., Chairman of the Council, in the chair. The paper read was "On Italian Commerce and Manufactures," by Professor Leone Levi.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Mon., Dec. 17.—Royal Academy of Arts, 8.—Concluding Lecture on Anatomy, by R. Partridge, Esq.

Tues., Dec. 18.—Statistical Society, 8.—On "The International Statistical Congress, London, 1860," by J. T. Hammaek, Esq.
Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.—Annual General Meeting.

Wed., Dec. 19.—Geological Society, 8.—On "The Geological Structure of the South-Western Highlands of Scotland," by T. F. Jamieson, Esq., Communicated by Sir R. L. Murchison, V.P.G.S.; on "The Old Red Sandstone of Forfarshire and Kincardineshire," by the Rev. Hugh Mitchell, communicated by the Secretary.

Society of Arts, 8.—On "The Straw Plait Trade," by Mr. A. J. Tanaley.

Thurs., Dec. 20.—Society of Antiquaries, 8.
Linnean Society, 8.—On "Entozoa," with Experiments, by Dr. Cobbold; on "Proliferation in Flowers, more Especially on the Form known as Median Proliferation," by M. T. Masters, Esq.

Royal Society, 8.
Numismatic Society, 7.
Chemical, 8.—On "The Absorption of Gases," by Dr. Roscoe; on "Sugar in the Urine," by Dr. Benes Jones.

MR. MASON JONES'S ORATION.—On Wednesday evening, Mr. Mason Jones, known to Londoners by his eloquent lectures on Swift, Lord Macaulay, and other famous literary men, delivered his second oration on the great man of action of the present day, the Italian Liberator. The orator does not tell us much that is new, but his honest enthusiasm is refreshing to behold, and is quite infectious. His eloquence is very remarkable, and though not altogether free from fusion at times, on the whole his lecture may be pronounced successful.

ON THE VELLUM BOOKS PRINTED BY ANTOINE VÉRARD.

In the new number of the "Bulletin du Bibliophile" there appears an important communication relative to the cost of production of some of those sumptuous volumes that issued from the press of Antoine Vêrard, at Paris, towards the close of the fifteenth century. Many copies of these are known to exist printed on the finest vellum, and enriched with illuminations, large and small, in the best style of art practised at the date of their appearance. That style, although far inferior to what may be found in the MSS. of about a century previous, or even half a century, is nevertheless exceedingly attractive, and some of the smaller illuminations especially are finished in a manner that made them worthy the library of any prince or sovereign in Christendom. Thus we are not surprised to find that many of Antoine Vêrard's volumes, printed and illuminated as here stated, are to be met with in the royal libraries of both France and England. In the British Museum, for instance, there are some forty volumes, if not more, of works printed by Vêrard, all on vellum, and richly illuminated, which it is known originally belonged to our Henry VII.; while in the imperial library at Paris, taking only the enumeration given by Van Praet, the number is far greater. Of the cost incurred in the production of these works, a very good idea may be formed from a MS. account extant in the imperial library relative to five works so executed; the account being furnished to the Count D'Angoulême by Vêrard himself. These works are respectively as follows:—1. "Tristan, Chevalier de la Table Ronde," in 2 vols. 2. "Le Grant Boece de Consolacion." 3. "L'Ordinaire des Crestiens." 4. "L'Orloge de Devocion." 5. "Heures en Francoys." All these, with the exception of the second volume of "Tristan," are now to be found in the imperial library, having formerly belonged to Francis I., who inherited them from his father, the Count d'Angoulême. Moreover, as if to establish still further the identity of these volumes with those described in Vêrard's bill or account, there is still extant an inventory of the property belonging to the Count d'Angoulême, drawn up after his decease on the 1st of January, 1496, at the desire of his widow the famous Louise of Savoy, and dated Cognac, the 20th and 21st of November, in which the greater part of these works occur, the inventory itself being likewise preserved in the imperial library; so that in that magnificent collection the curious may see both the books themselves, printed and illuminated in or about the year 1495, Vêrard's bill or account not dated, and the inventory in which they are registered, drawn up towards the end of 1496. Something, we think, to tickle the palate of both antiquary and bibliographer! Vêrard's little bill, in which there are certain things "not easily to be understood" of every one, but which are, for the most part, well explained by M. Bernard, the author of this communication, is as follows:—

"To Antoine Vêrard, bookseller at Paris, the sum of two hundred and seven livres, ten sols, and ten deniers, of Tournay, for the items following, supplied to the late Monseigneur le Comte; viz.:

"For the parchment of the first volume of the book of 'Tristan,' containing * 81 leaves, at 3 sols 4 deniers each—13 livres 10 sols.

"For two large miniatures, at a crown each, 70 sols.

"For 85 small miniatures, at 5 sols each—20 livres 5 sols.

"For 1350 Versets† in gold paint, at 5 sols per 100, 67 sols 6 deniers.

"For binding, stamping, and gilding, 70 sols.

* This, it appears, is a mistake, the number being 84 leaves, which would amount to 15 livres 3 sols and 4 deniers. There are one or two other mistakes in the items and reckoning, as pointed out by M. Bernard, but "the tottle of the whole" is correct.

† These "Versets" were small distinctive marks at the commencement of each paragraph, executed for the most part in red or blue colour, but in very fine books in gold paint. The "Enervelle" appear to have been somewhat similar marks, used at the end of paragraphs.

"Item, for the parchment of the second volume of 'Tristan,' 67 leaves, at 3 sols 4 deniers each—12 livres 16 sols and 8 deniers.

"For five large miniatures, the full size of the page, at 35 sols each, 8 livres 15 sols.

"For 90 small miniatures, at 5 sols each, 22 livres 10 sols.

"For 1500 *versets* in gold paint, at 5 sols per 100, 75 sols.

"For binding, stamping, and gilding, 70 sols.

"Item, for the parchment of the 'Grant Boece de Consolacion,' 78 leaves 'bastard' (i.e. crown) size, at 2 sols 6 deniers each—9 livres 6 sols.

"For six large miniatures, full page size, at 35 sols each—10 livres 10 sols.

"For 4500 *versets* and *enervelles* in gold paint, at 5 sols per 100, 40 livres 5 sols.

"For binding, stamping, and gilding, 70 sols.

"Item, for the parchment of the 'Orlinaire des Crestiens,' 88 leaves 'bastard' size, at 2 sols 6 deniers each—40 livres.

"For one large miniature, full page size, 35 sols.

"For 30 medium size miniatures, at 10 sols each, 15 livres.

"For 1250 *versets* in gold paint, at 5 sols per 100, 62 sols 6 deniers.

"For binding, stamping, and gilding, 70 sols.

"Item, for the parchment of the 'Orlogne de Devoicion,' 22 leaves 1/2-size, at 20 deniers each—36 sols 8 deniers.

"For 25 miniatures, at 5 sols each, 6 livres 5 sols.

"For binding, stamping, and gilding, 30 sols.

"For 550 *versets*, in gold paint, at 5 sols per 100, 27 sols 6 deniers.

"Item, for the parchment of the 'Heures en Francz,' 27 leaves, at 20 deniers each—45 sols.

"For 9 miniatures, 4 livres 10 sols.

"For 1,000 *versets* and *enervelles*, in gold paint, at 5 sols per 100, 50 sols.

"For binding, stamping, and gilding, 30 sols.

"Item, for the expense and trouble of travelling from Paris to Cognac on several occasions, by order of my late lord the Count, both for the conveyance of the said books and to make application for the money, 20 livres.

"All which items together amount to the above-mentioned sum, as appears more plainly from the said bill and quittance of the aforesaid Anthoine Verrat, for the sum of 207 livres 10 sols and 10 deniers."

The first thing that must strike the reader in looking over the items of this account is the absence of any charge for printing. M. Bernard supposes that it was included in the charge made for the vellum or parchment. This is not to our minds, quite a satisfactory explanation; but assuming it to be correct, what a contrast does it offer to a somewhat similar bill, cited by M. Bernard, for the production of a MS. volume, about a century before Verrat's time, in which the principal charge is for the cost of transcription, that charge amounting, in fact, to more than one half of the entire sum. The next striking point is the moderate amount of the bill altogether. Indeed, to persons not accustomed to discriminate between the value of money four centuries ago and now, both the separate items and the sum total must appear supremely ridiculous; as, when we are told that in such a king's reign in our own country the wages of a labourer were only a penny a day, and that you could buy a fine fat sheep for little more than a shilling. But the bill is exceedingly moderate, even if we reckon the livre or franc of Verrat's time as being twenty times more valuable than at present, which is the estimation given by M. Bernard. The price of the artist's labour especially, even at this valuation, is far less than could have been supposed. The large miniatures, for which Verrat charged only 35 sols each—equal, that is, to 35 francs current money of our time—could not now be produced for less than 200; and so with the other illuminations in proportion. Similarly, too, the charge made by Verrat for his travelling expenses to and from Cognac on several occasions is exceedingly low. Taking the 40 livres set down by him for this item, as equal to 400 francs now, we wonder at his moderation, recollecting that all such journeys at that time must have

† The size is not mentioned, but it was in all probability

been performed on horseback, and that in all probability he was attended by a servant, whose expenses had to be defrayed as well as his own. Altogether, we think that M. Bernard le Comte was "let down very easy," as the saying is; and with thanks to M. Bernard for this curious glimpse of the expense of book-manufacture towards the end of the fifteenth century, we wish him every success in his proposed monograph on Antoine Verrat, of which this is only a precursor.

RECENT GERMAN WORKS.

Sancta Elisabeth—Die heilige Elisabeth, Landgräfin von Thüringen. Elisabeth's Leben, von Ludwig Storch. Wartburger Bilder, von M. von Schmird. (Leipzig: G. Wigand.) M. von Schmird, the genial author of "Aschenbrödel," and the "Märchen von den sieben Raben," has, it is well known, decorated the Wartburg with frescoes from the history of the Landgraves and St. Elisabeth. It is to be wished that these attractive and agreeable compositions were more accessible. As it is, we welcome the wood engravings of them, published by Wigand, with double pleasure. Ludwig Storch gives us a short account of the traditional life of the Saint. It is well and heartily written; warmth and feeling are displayed in the narrative. Besides the six illustrations accompanying the "Life of the Landgravine," in four others, the seven works of Christian charity are represented, namely, *Feeding the Hungry, Giving Drink to the Thirsty, To the Weary a Resting-place, Clothing the Naked, Visiting the Captive, Tending the Sick, and Burying the Dead.* From the life of persecution led by the Saint the following episodes are chosen as subjects for engravings—*Elisabeth in her fortieth year comes as a Bride to the Wartburg, St. Ludwig finding the Bread concealed under Elisabeth's mantle turned into Roses, St. Elisabeth taking leave of her Husband on his departure for the Crusades, St. Elisabeth driven from the Wartburg after her Husband's death, St. Elisabeth's death as a Nun in Marburg, St. Elisabeth's body borne in procession to the Cathedral.* The wood engravings are bold and sharp, and if they give no idea of the magnificent colouring of the originals, they will serve as a valuable aid to the memory of the tourist, and will be welcomed by all who are admirers of the great masters.

Ja in Neapel. Von Willibald Alexis. (Berlin: Otto Janke.) As we learn by the preface, this tale is but a single episode of a longer romance, upon which the author is now engaged. We think, nevertheless, that this confession was uncalled for. The charming love-story in Sorrent is so complete from beginning to end—even if the *dénouement* is but hinted—that it may be regarded as a small work of art perfect in itself. The idea of establishing a romantic affair between an ostensibly poor artist and an ostensibly poor lady artist, both actually being of high rank, each rejoicing in the pleasure of eventually deceiving the other, is as new as it is fertile. The title, too, we consider very "cognate." We sincerely hope that the esteemed author will succeed ere long in finishing his romance, to which we look forward with much pleasure.

Gedichte von Heinrich Girndorf. (Leipzig: Arnoldsche Buchhandlung.) It has been remarked by more than one author, that the intrinsic merits of the works of a lyric poet are to be principally sought, not in his verse-making powers, but rather in his own personality and character. Hence, whoever brings a volume of poems into the market which are a reflection of his own self, should first ask himself the question—Is this self so new and important as to justify my submitting it to the public eye? The simple vanity of seeing one's name in print, and of being numbered (even if but for a few months) among authors, is but precarious foundation, taking it for granted that one has the verse-making talent of an improvisatore, upon which to rest one's hope of success. Alas! this talent of verse-making is the only real one to be discovered in the tolerably thick volume before us. Had we more space, we could prove more easily that amid the plenitude of rhymes and jingling verses there is not a trace of a new poetic personality. After six dozen love songs, in which the adored one is cele-

brated in stale imagery and hymnings of all kinds we learn in the seventh dozen that the sole aspiration of the singer is that in some golden age his mistress may be a shepherdess, and he, her friend, and shepherd. All honour to phantasies, but pursued too far they may become absurdities. Or does the poet suppose any human being will believe him when he sings—"And after parchments and books I hunted, and from myriads of volumes [sic] read I the legends of all lands?" or again, when he promises eternal fame to his beloved, to be purchased for her by the immortality of his own poems? But enough. If, indeed, it be meritorious to run riot in language, to vary only in words what has been said and sung hundreds of times, and again to re-shape a certain number of ideas which every educated man brings with him from his school and university, the author does possess these characteristics in a high degree, perhaps sufficiently to obtain for him for a short time the applause of a mediocre public. To people of a cultivated taste a verse-maker has ceased to be a curiosity.

Ideen zur Einigung und Einheit Deutschlands. (Berlin: Vogel and Co.) The large number of pamphlets in which the German question is treated, shows the importance which the public attaches to its consideration. The pamphlet before us differs from many others in that the author discusses real and not ideal politics; he builds no castles in the air, rather taking as basis existing relations. In the 79 pages we have found many suggestive thoughts, and have followed the author with great pleasure through his examination to the point in debate. If governments will pursue the road to political reform which he points out, we shall gradually arrive at some community in public life, without any infringement of the rights of sovereigns.

Geist der Zeit. (Ernst Moritz Arndt.) The idea of publishing a fourth edition of Ernst Moritz Arndt's "Geist der Zeit" we greet as a very happy one; the announcement is made by the house of J. F. Hammerich, Altona. The book, which contains a solemn appeal to the historical consciousness of the German nation, and to the moral dignity of the inhabitants of civilised Europe, was as the summer meteor playing over that political stagnation which had succeeded the peace of Tilsit, and which the destructive lightning of 1813 had preceded by half a dozen years. In 1815, the "Geist der Zeit" had outlived a third edition, after having contributed, in connection with the writings of Fichte and the deeds of Stein, to establish in Germany a public opinion and a feeling of bold self-reliance. The depth of conviction and the forcible eloquence pervading the book, entitle it to a rank among the best to which a pen, animated by the fire of patriotism, ever gave birth. The more the period (it was completed, according to the preface, in 1805) resembles our own, so much the more is it to be desired that it should adopt and be able to apply the word—*Emporkommener*—"The Risen"; by which Arndt characterises the epoch.

Karte von Frankreich. (Hanover: Helling'sche Buchhandlung. 1861.) A German reply to the French revised map of Europe. In this map France appears with the boundaries which might be assigned to her after the cessation of a coalition war. To Germany she resigns Lorraine, Elzas, and the northern division of the Free States; to Switzerland, Savoy, Nizza, the Dauphiné, Provence, part of Burgundy, and a portion of the Free States up to the Rhone and Saône; Belgium will get Picardy, Artois, and French Flanders, together with the northern part of Champagne; Spain, the provinces of Gascony, Languedoc and Guienne; England, Normandy and the Isle of France; not to include Paris, which falls as fee-simple to Abd-el-Kader. Corsica will be reserved as provision for the widowed Empress Eugénie. By this plan, France will have the character of a peaceable state, which can devote its superfluous energies to trade, and the peaceful occupation of tilling the ground, without being disturbed by political dreams.

Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, die Sphinx auf dem französischen Kaiser-thron. Dritte vermehrte Auflage. Mit zwei Nachträgen Villafranca und Frei-Deutschland. Ein viertel vor Zwölft! (Hamburg: Otto Meissner.) It seems to be reserved to German

profundity to write the biography of the threatened enemy of her nation. The Italian war had broken out last year when the above-named book appeared; the peace of Villafranca rendered a second edition necessary; and now, just as "Ein viertel vor Zwölf" is about to strike, appears, with a punctuality almost mathematical, a third edition. In the mind of the attentive reader of this book, scarcely a doubt will remain as to the nature and ulterior objects of the French despot. The double and triple ambiguity and equivocation of his policy are shown, not only by the most convincing logic, but by a series of the happiest illustrations. The latter supplement is devoted to a consideration of the German question; the view taken is a very temperate one, though perhaps too encouraging. We rejoice especially in the essentially German opinion of the author, because, in opposition to those who lately debated the "Vereinigten Staaten von Deutschland," (Confederated German States) question, he does not so inconsiderately cast off or resign the German-Austrian participation. As a matter of course, he earnestly and emphatically demands the organisation of a German confederation.

THE UNIVERSITIES.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.

OXFORD, Dec. 13.

This public has long since been in possession of the fact which verified my prediction in your last week's issue. I made no doubt that the Sanskrit professor would be Mr. Williams, and each day as the time of election drew near confirmed that impression. I did not, it is true, imagine that the majority (223) would have been so large, nor did I imagine that so many as 1447 electors would have polled, notwithstanding the confident way in which the friends of both parties spoke of their promises. The constituency, if we include pairs, must have been tolerably well canvassed.

There is no doubt of Mr. Williams's competency as a teacher, and of Mr. Max Müller's abilities as a philologist. It is with many people a matter of congratulation to the university that the services of both are secured. We shall get all the philological analogies which the learned German can provide to us with, and undergraduates will be taught Sanskrit by a man who has made the teaching of Sanskrit his vocation for many years. And now that the contest is over, it is to be hoped that the bitterness of party feeling which it engendered, comparatively slight as they are, will be soon forgotten.

The scene was striking on Friday last, December 7th. The election was held in the Sheldonian theatre, the east side of the area being the place for Mr. Williams's committee, the west for Mr. Müller's. In the old method of voting, each elector came up to the table where the vice-chancellor and proctors were sitting, and wrote his name with the name of the person for whom he voted on a ruled sheet of foolscap. When the names were written, the proctor pushed a piece of blotting paper upon the writing, and the next elector took the pen; and so on. The old voting was, or was supposed to be, secret, but the new process was very slow and very inconvenient. There was, in effect, no secrecy, for of course one's neighbour could look over one's shoulder, indeed was pressing upon one, with a view to occupying the next place, and could not help, as Mrs. Cluppins says, "the words forcing themselves upon his eye." With characteristic slowness, the university authorities did not adopt the practice of voting papers till a very few years ago—a change which has obviated all the inconveniences of the previous process, and saves a vast deal of time and patience. A good deal of wrath was expressed at the late hour at which the election began, and no doubt many persons were hindered from voting in consequence. As, however, this affected both candidates equally, the only persons aggrieved were the non-residents, whose power of exercising their franchise was curtailed by the short period allotted for receiving the votes. The arrangement was, that the electors should enter by the east door of the building and go out by the west; but this was found to be impracticable, since when one sees people that have been unseen for years, it is not likely that one will miss shaking hands with old friends and welcoming familiar faces of bygone times. The

charm of an academical election lies in the short re-union of people whose localities are so far distant; and the few hours in which one is able to greet old friends, in a place the residence in which is so brief, and the change in which is so rapid, are almost the pleasantest memories of one's life in Oxford. It is no doubt a horrible expense to drag up people in this wholesale fashion, and the cost of the journeys to Oxford would, in the eyes of a statistician, nearly reach the fee-simple of the value of many a contested place; but for all that, many of those who come are willing enough to bear the cost for the sake of the reminiscences and associations.

Upwards of 1000 votes were taken in an hour and a half. Then the poll began to grow languid, and was kept up, so to speak, only by voters dropping in. There was a considerable freshening up when the lawyers came from town at about four o'clock, then there was another lull, the final rush being at about six, when a fresh batch came from London, chiefly legal and public functionaries.

The place at last got very Rembrandtish. A moderator or two gave but a very feeble general light, however well it brought out the faces of the vice-chancellor and his attendant familiars, the two proctors. A portly and active doctor of laws in his red gown, who seemed to occupy the attention of the vice-chancellor, was a fair foil to the picture; and, on the whole, if one could have sketched or etched it, one might have had many a worse subject.

Convocation will be called on to sanction, if it pleases, on Monday afternoon, a plan for the university taking on itself another phase of commercial existence—that, namely, of turning house builder. Some time since, but after the museum was in fair progress, Lincoln College resolved to utilise a piece of ground of theirs, which up to that time had been partly a garden and partly a noisome kennel for undergraduates' dogs. A bit of this site formed the new racket and pie's court; and half-a-dozen houses or so, of a very paltry character, have been erected on another portion. The piece, however, nearest to the parks was bought by the university, the authorities, it seems, being frightened at the prospect of a parcel of scurvy tenements being erected under the very nose of that great triumph of modern Gothic, the new museum. Now it is proposed to erect two houses on the site, at £2000 a-piece, and to empower an unnamed delegacy to transact the business. What will be the per centage on its outlay that the university will get is more than I can say, but I suspect it will be very narrow, and that all that will ensue will be some fantastic piece of domestic architecture, intended to block out the coarse structures of Lincoln College. As, however, there is a very large frontage to the parks belonging to St. John's, the policy will be, I presume, in due course of time to force the university into purchases of land, in order to hinder the erection of scurvy buildings. Still, before your impression, the measure may be thrown out.

The university was startled by a private visit from her Majesty on Wednesday. How she looked, what she saw, and what she did, will have been by this time in the possession of your readers, out of the daily papers. It is singular, however, that she has never paid a visit to Oxford since her accession, a circumstance which has often been commented on, and very variously explained. In all likelihood no explanation yet given is other than a canard. As before, the City Rifles formed a guard from the railway station. The visit was made a profound secret, but, as is usual with profound secrets, was in everybody's possession at a very early hour this morning. Her Majesty had her usual good fortune in the matter of weather, as, in Oxford at least, Wednesday was the finest and brightest day we have had for a long time.

I think you are likely to hear that some little scandal will arise from certain sermons lately preached before the university, and that the lull in polemical controversy, which has been so marked of late years, is likely to be succeeded by some energetic discord. At any rate, while people have felt for a long time that the best way to give vitality to a particular set of opinions, and to elevate an insignificant and self-condemned heresy into importance, is to attempt to put it down—or, if you please, persecute it; that nevertheless there is a time when

people become impatient, and feel that their caution is in a fair way of becoming want of common prudence and desertion of what they are bound to uphold. And there are a good many people who are beginning to hold that when the theology of "Essays and Reviews" is being habitually preached by people of high position from the university pulpit, and we are bidden to consider the contradictions subsisting between natural philosophy, "moral sense," and revelation, and in the event of our being personally unable to settle these incongruities, that we must lighten the ship of our mind by throwing revelation overboard, we are at first inclined to think this style of talk somewhat audacious, and then get uneasy at its probable effects. Finally, we think that perhaps it would be as well to oppose the claims of "reason" or "moral sense," or "natural conviction," or "natural conscience," or whatever else this formidable guide may be, and investigate these astounding conclusions. And you will no doubt hear that the controversy is likely to assume marked proportions.

I am sorry for the general good of academical discipline that the Cambridge authorities are perpetually getting into hot water about the exercise of the proctors' authority. I should not, however, refer to this, as it is a matter of immediate importance to the sister University, if it did not indirectly involve Oxford—to some degree compromise us—and if there were not a ready escape from the evils of the Cambridge system, an escape which we have long since provided here. It is in the simple fact that the chief of the proctors' men, known among us as the university marshal, is a permanent office. He is, in short, general inspector of the university police. His business is to make himself informed about all suspicious characters, and he does so. Hence we never make mistakes, and always avoid collisions. Such an occurrence as has happened more than once in Cambridge would be impossible with us; and it is a very good thing that it is impossible. The citizens and non-academical population are quite as touchy and jealous of academical interference as the Cambridge townfolk are; but we give them no occasion for quarrelling, or at any rate none on such a difficult and debatable subject as summary imprisonment for suspected incontinence. As it is, the discipline we exercise is so far from being objected to by the townfolk, that I believe all well-conducted people think it a boon and a protection.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 12.

The council of the Senate has received a snubbing from the body which it represents. In accordance with a statute sanctioned in August last by her Majesty in Council, for the appointment of boards of study, the council of the senate prepared schemes for constituting eight of such boards, and submitted them to the senate for approval, without that process of preliminary discussion which is becoming an established custom in the university. The principle upon which the council acted in their proposed constitution of the boards was to make them consist of the professors connected with each branch of study, the examiners for the preceding year, and three or four other members of the senate, to be elected by grace. Now, the board of mathematical studies, as at present constituted, consists of professors, and the moderators and examiners of the present and two immediately preceding years; and as the moderators are nominated by the colleges which present the proctors, the colleges have a voice in the constitution of the board in turn. It was thought that the new proposals gave too much power to the council, as they certainly took power away from the colleges. Before a grace can be submitted to the senate it must receive the sanction of the council; and as all the additional members of the various boards were to be elected by grace, the appointment of them was virtually in the hands of the council. There was an almost universal feeling in opposition to this, and Professors Jeremie, Selwyn, and Harold Browne signed a circular calling upon members of the senate to withhold their sanction from it. When the voting came on last week, the recommendations of the council were rejected by majorities of more than 7 to 1; and the subject was referred back to the council for reconsideration, with a sufficiently plain indication of the rock which the

members of the senate wished their representatives to avoid.

At the time of the rejection of Mr. George Williams, when proposed for the office of proctor, I told you that he had just returned from a tour in Russia and the East. The object of his tour was the promotion of the scheme for establishing, at Cambridge, hostels for Oriental Christians, by explaining the principles of it amongst those whom it is designed to benefit. Mr. Williams and Dr. Wolff have been the great movers in this scheme; they have met with sneers from some, and considerate encouragement from others. The result of Mr. Williams's visit to Russia is given in a series of letters which he has been publishing in one of the local journals. I dare say they will be republished in a collected form. They are certainly valuable to those who take an interest in the proposal to educate members of the Oriental churches here, or who are inclined to give such a proposal, a candid consideration. Upon the whole, I think Mr. Williams seems to have met with great encouragement to persevere, and it is not at all unlikely that by and by we shall have a "Hostel of St. Gregory the Illuminator" at Cambridge.

Speaking of hostels reminds me that your Oxford correspondent records the failure of the private hall regulation in that university. Theoretically, it was capital, and many aid great benefits were to flow from it. But it seems that it won't do, and that neither in exact supervision, nor in economy, nor in inducement to Dissenters to become members of the university, has the expectation of its promoters been kept. I cannot give exactly a similar account of the scheme at Cambridge, because, with one special exception, no one has been adventurous enough to start a private hostel. Dr. Humphrey has a medical hostel, in which he receives about half-a-dozen medical pupils; but no one else has ventured to take advantage of the liberality of modern university regulations. I remember that many members of the university, who are in the habit of taking pupils, were set down as pretty sure to open private hostels at the time when the question was first agitated. One hears nothing of the sort now, and I suppose we may take it for granted that the scheme is thus far a conspicuous failure. Nor indeed does there appear to be much probability that it will ever succeed.

I forgot to mention last week that Professor Willis, one of the most facile and interesting of lecturers, had been delivering an address to the Cambridge Antiquarian Society upon some recent discoveries made during alterations going on under Mr. G. G. Scott, at Lichfield Cathedral. Before the lecture Mr. C. C. Babington put the gentlemen present upon their guard against a fraud not unfrequently practised upon young antiquaries. It seems that a person has been in Cambridge imposing upon the inexperienced, by the fabrication of false antiques. There was also another interesting meeting last week, after I sent off my letter—that of the Architectural Society, at which Mr. Geo. Williams gave an account of the seldom-visited and unnoted churches of Timotheosman and Daba, in Georgia, which he had discovered during his late tour. Further accounts of his discoveries were promised by Mr. Williams. I am glad to learn that at this meeting the subject of a choir for the study of church music was discussed, and some practical steps were taken for the formation of a such a choir.

A very appropriate subject for the chancellor's gold medal for the best English poem, has been appointed for next year, namely, "The Prince of Wales at the Tomb of Washington." Prize poems are poor things usually, as all the world knows; but here is a subject and an occasion which ought to evoke all the poetic element of all the undergraduates.

The examination of candidates who are not members of the university commenced on Tuesday (yesterday). There are ten centres of examination this year; last year there were eleven. Birmingham and Grantham have dropped out of the list, and Sheffield has been added. The total number of junior candidates this year is considerably smaller than it was last year—284 against 397. Of senior candidates there are 96 this year against 90 last year. The aggregate diminution is 107 candidates.

CONTINENTAL GOSSIP.

It is difficult to gather from the French journals whether the press has sufficient or insufficient liberty. One portion of the press praises the recent rescript, another portion expresses the timid hope that greater latitude will be given to journalists. Meanwhile the "Siècle," which, with small talent in a general way, contrives to prevent thorough stagnation by its bold thrusts right and left, directed against friend and foe, has a dolorous passage, signed by M. E. Texier, on the state of French literature. The present state of things cannot last long, says this writer; and this he has proof of in the "Journal de la Librairie," a periodical which came into existence about a couple of years ago. Young as it is, it has hollowed a bed for torrents of slime and mud, which will follow their natural course. This is the accusation of the "Siècle" against the journal in question, founded on the fact that in its last number, after the "Mémoires de Rigolboche," a young actress who has recently been astonishing the rapid youth of Paris by her not over comely calisthenic feats, come the "Mémoires de Léotard;" after these, the "Reines de la Main Gauche," then the "Cotillons Célestes," and after these more of the same character. "At the present day," says the writer, "when the *demi-monde* is founded, when it has its manners, its customs, its institutions, it must have its literature—that is to say, its novelists, its *vaudeuvillistes*, and even its poets. Formerly we had courtesans who shone one day and disappeared the next. Those of the present day have not grand seigneurs for lovers, who, ruining themselves for them, teach these to ruin themselves, but men of business who have taught them their business. Vice is up to the mark; it economises, it even speculates. At the present day, vice has its forty-thousand francs of income at forty years, and its turn on the street. It has need of intellectual nourishment suitable to its tastes and temperament, and you will agree that realism has had the good fortune to arrive *apropos*." "Her bed is made!" "and as we make our bed," says the old proverb, "so we must lie on it." There is really a literature, specially prepared for the *demi-monde*, and since the French confess it themselves, we shall not be accused of venturing a gratuitous criticism on the morals of our neighbours in repeating the words of a public writer.

For all this, one is indisposed to believe that the literary world is so black as it is painted. Scum will certainly rise to the surface, but the contents of the pot are not to be condemned on account of the scum. Thus, last week, at the distribution of prizes, in the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-lettres*, we learn how earnest minds have been occupying themselves during the last year or two. Six memoirs were presented on the question: "To unite, in a critical examination, the fragments of Hyperides, known to antiquity, and the texts of this orator recently discovered and published." The prize of 2000 francs was equally divided between Dr. L. F. Meunier and Dr. Jules Gérard. Another question: "To seek out the origin of the Phœnician alphabet, to follow out its propagation among the divers peoples of the ancient world," &c., was not so satisfactorily answered, and the prize has been deferred. The first medal was decreed to the Count Melchior de Vogué for his work entitled "Les Eglises de la Terre Sainte;" the second medal to M. Mahul for his second volume of the "Cartulaire et Archives des Communes de l'Ancien Diocèse de Carcassonne;" and the third medal was shared between two writers for works of greater national interest to us—to M. de Ribillard de Beaurépaire for his two works entitled, the one: "Les Etats de Normandie sous la Domination Anglaise aux Années 1424, 1425, 1429;" the other: "De l'Administration de la Normandie sous la Domination Anglaise;" and to the Abbé Raillard for his "Recueil de Chants Religieux," extracted from a MS. of the eleventh century. Honourable mention was made of a memoir by M. Clerc, entitled "Etude Complète sur Aïsaie;" of the "Histoire de la Jacquerie," by M. Luce; of the two volumes by M. Maurice Champion on "Les

Inondations en France Depuis le 6e. Siècle jusqu'à nos Jours;" of two works by M. Puisseux, the one: "Robert l'Ermite, Etude sur un Personnage Normand du 14e. Siècle," the other: "Siège et Prix de Caen par les Anglais." Other works on legal antiquities and archaeology, had also the praise of the judges. Various erudite subjects are proposed for the prizes of 1861 and 1862, but none of them are of sufficient general interest to warrant us in quoting them.

The diplomatic correspondence of the Count Joseph de Maistre ("Correspondence Diplomatique," &c.), collected by M. Albert Blanc, the brother, we believe, of Louis Blanc, is farther proof that the French mind can devote itself to higher pursuits than the literature of the *demi-monde*. Mr. A. Blanc has been engaged on this work for several years.

M. Philoxène Boyer continues his course of lectures on Shakspeare. He has studied our English poet with an earnestness which very few Frenchmen can boast, and success is the reward of his studies. His courses are always well attended. "Coriolanus" is the subject which at present attracts an enlightened audience to the Quai Malaquais.

A bronze sword of the Gallo-Roman period, the arm called *gladius*, was discovered a few days ago at Toulouse, in the proximity of the ruins of the Temple of Diana, which are still to be seen in the bed of the Garonne. This sword is in a fine state of preservation. It is about thirty inches in length, and a ridge runs along the middle of each side of the blade, which terminates in a sharp point.

It is stated that the German language is being at present abolished in all the schools of Hungary. This, we think, is greatly to be regretted, as it will be greatly to the detriment of pupils. It is natural that the Magyars should prefer their own, and desire to incorporate it thoroughly with their nationality. But, conceding to this language all its merits and beauties, and that they are many, it is not the language adapted for the spread of civilisation in the centre of Europe. The Magyars have had not a few poets of note, but Hungary has never yet produced a great scholar, and the science and the learning which she possesses she owes chiefly to the mediation of the German language. In a country of a mixed nationality it is unfortunate that a majority should endeavour to deprive the minority of its sources of culture. It is just as if in a Welsh county authority should declare that English should no longer be taught in the national schools. Welsh, however, must yield to the pressure of civilisation without; the Gaelic is almost extinct; the last person who spoke genuine Cornish died about a century ago; the language of Brittany is gradually disappearing; and however proud the Magyars may be of their language, it must yield in time to the pressure of the higher civilisation of the West. The great linguistic battle of the age is between the Teutonic and Latin tongues on the one side, and the Slavonic tongues on the other. It will require long ages before the battle is decided, but the result cannot be dubious.

DEATH OF LORD ABERDEEN.

We have to announce the death of Lord Aberdeen on Friday morning last at half-past one o'clock. The late lord was born in Edinburgh, in 1784, and was educated at Harrow and St. John's, Cambridge. He filled a large number of important political offices, amongst which were those of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in Sir Robert Peel's Administration, from 1841 to 1846; Colonial Secretary in 1834-5. On the death of Peel, Lord Aberdeen became the head of the party, and in 1852, on the defeat of Mr. Disraeli's budget, he succeeded Lord Derby. As chief of the Coalition Ministry, he held office from December, 1852, to February, 1855. He will be succeeded in the peerage by his eldest son, the present Lord Haddo.

DEATH OF DOCTOR JOST.—The eminent Jewish historian, Dr. Jost, of Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, expired, after a short illness, on the 20th ult.

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